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Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor

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$1.50 and postage per year in advance.

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SICK

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HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

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THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

Two youths once lived in a country town,
And one was a giant fair
With a Saxon viking's golden crown
And a blacksmith's muscles smooth and brown
When he made his right arm bare.

The other youth was of dapper size,
So slender and short was he
That he found small favor in maidens' eyes
And the giant boasted in merry wise;
"I could lay him across my knee."

These twain both courted the village belle,
But short was the race they run;
At the giant's feet the maiden fell,
And the little man, though he pleaded well,
Naught more than her pity won.

They marched away to the wars one day,
In haste for the battle's van,
And the people cheered when the giant gay
Strode stoutly past for the distant fray
And they smiled at the little man.

But the earliest ball by a foeman sped—
One drop from the war-black skies—
Passed safely over the pigmy's head
And the giant, who stood behind, fell dead
With a bullet between his eyes.

Then the little man swore, though his sight was dim,
And he bounded ahead of them all,
And the whole great army followed him
Till he leapt like a devil itlhe and slim
First man o'er the battery wall.

And he planted the flag of his country there
While the routed enemy ran,
And the legions roared, as it floated fair
On the dusky waves of sulphurous air;
"Three cheers for the little man!"

Oh, I do not know, and I cannot say,
What the giant might have done,
But I'm sure the maiden will weep alway
For her lover shot in the first of the fray,
And dead ere his fame was won.

For war is a field of chance, you know,
Let him dodge the bullets who can;
But love is a garden where fancies blow
And the form of a giant makes larger show
Than the soul of a little man!

George Horton, in Chicago Herald.

THE SMALL BOY.

Something About a Very Needful Institution.

The small boy is an institution in himself and we like him.

The most beautiful sight in the world (to parents) is the dear little fellow when he has just donned his first pair of trousers and stands with head erect and both chubby fists thrust deep in his pockets, looking proud and happy and too sweet for anything.

And his charms grow apace until his trousers lengthen and suspenders take the place of the pretty shirt waists when, according to some grumpy old folks, he becomes considerable of a nuisance and oftentimes a terror.

The small boy is the nearest approach to "perpetual motion" than we are likely ever to see.

He is never still or at rest. Even when asleep he is kicking the bed covering off continually.

He wants to know everything and the questions he asks puzzle the wisest scholars to answer.

He is a curious mixture of contrariness.

If there is anything he hates it is water—when he is being washed—as all mothers know who wrestle with him on such occasions.

Yet if he can find a pond or a canal inside of ten miles he will revel in the water and take his chances of drowning for the pleasure a bath gives him.

He is at times the laziest of living things—at other times the most industrious.

If asked by his parents to weed the garden, do an errand or any little household chore, he immediately is so "tired" and looks so mournful that in pity for the delicate and overworked little humbug he is allowed to slide out of it.

Ten minutes afterwards he may be found helping a neighbor's boy work a race as hard or racing around the cases in a game of baseball, shouting with joy and livelier than a cricket.

The small boy is always eating. The only time he doesn't is when at the table, for his appetite is then spoiled by proper and nourishing food by his frequent visits to the jam pantry or to the fruit trees in his or somebody else's garden. The greener the fruit the better he likes it and stomach aches in consequence have no terror for him.

No one loves to tease more than he—his sister knows to her sorrow, and seems to give him the intensest delight; yet, if he is teased he thinks he is cruelly treated and makes an awful row about it.

The collections of bric-a-brac that a small boy's pockets contain has ever excited our wonder.

When the little chap is asleep and his fond mother takes his tiny trousers to put one or more patches on the knees and seat she is always surprised that such a small garment should have such a great weight.

And she can't understand it until she happens to strike the pockets. Then out come the curiosities one after another and carefully they are laid out on the table before her. At last the pockets are emptied, but not before the explorer thinks they are, like a magic box, inexhaustible and endless.

She forgets about the needful patches for awhile to gaze at the queer array of treasures and wonder what on earth they are good for and how the dear child ever got them.

There's a top and a piece of string fastened to a big wooden button, jackstones, marbles, knife without blades, nails, beans, wad of chewing gum, more string, bits of lead and tin, a whistle, cake crumbs, nuts, fishhooks she nearly got in her fingers, cigarette pictures, bent pins which have been on the railway track and run over, broken bits of toys and tools, stones, a bean shooter, a leather sucker, a ball, pieces of looking glass and colored glasses, some putty, a tip cat, rubber rings, postage stamps, a circus programme, peach pits, a cork float and lots of other things which only a boy knows the names of.

When the patches are finished each and every article is carefully replaced in the pockets for the mother is well aware that if one was left out it would quickly be missed and no peace in the house until it was found.

Next to seeing the small boy trudging to school with books and slate under his arm we love to watch him at play.

What energy and enthusiasm and skill he shows. How his eyes sparkle. How rosy are his plump cheeks. What a snap to his voice. You can hear his merry shouts far away. Little he cares if the weather is cold or hot or rainy. He's having fun and—suddenly his mother calls, "Johnnie!" He don't answer and keeps right on playing, though less spirited and shouting no more. "Johnnie!" The other boys look at him to see what he'll do. He does nothing. "Johnnie! John! John Anthony! You hear me?"

Then goes back a slow and feeble: "Yes'm!" "Come here instantly." Another faint "Yes'm," but he don't go though his playmates stop the game, to await results. "JOHN!" His father called that time and the tone meant business. "Yes, sir!" and like a streak he darts toward his home.

The small boy of to-day is highly blessed.

It seems as if all the inventors in the world were getting up new playthings and games and tools and books for his especial benefit, and that his parents can't spend enough money for his pleasure and entertainment.

Compare what our grandfathers or what we ourselves had in childhood with the playthings that the modern small boy is hardly satisfied with.

He not only sports a seven dollar tennis racket and a forty dollar bicycle, but he must have a suitable dress to go with them.

We used to have a good game of ball in patched trousers and bare feet and an old straw hat. Now the children can't enjoy themselves at all without a uniform and glove and face covering and real bag bases.

A fish pole cut in the woods was good enough for us, but a split bamboo our boys must have.

We used to get pretty hot doses of birch when we deserved it, but nowadays it has gone out of fashion in the homes as well as the schools—and we think it ought to, for all the whippings we got never made us any better—but the contrary. "Spare the child and spoil the rod" is the improved version.

A curious transformation takes place in the small boy after he has been awhile to school.

He suddenly becomes sensitive to wearing old clothes. Instead of fighting against being washed he washes himself often and nearly destroys the hairbrush in his efforts before the glass. He must have a clean collar every day and have on his best necktie. He becomes quiet and oh, so good about the house. He never is late to school and always knows his lessons.

And he becomes furious whenever a mention is made of the little sweetheart who has won his boyhood's first affections.

The little girl is very nice in her way, but she can't hold a candle to the small boy.

May he never grow old.—H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun.

SEX IN DIAMONDS.

A Jeweler Who Believes There Is Sex in Everything, Even in Diamonds.

In the big snow window of a New York jewelry store rested a small tray that gathered a crowd of curious spectators to the window. Every time the sunlight played upon the plate glass the tray corruscated with prismatic hues of dazzling brilliancy. The tray is well known to the trade. It is designed to display the remarkable variations of the color of large African mine diamonds, and contains examples of all the colors known. It possesses great interest for novices in gems, and the jeweler is called upon half a dozen times a day to explain the beauties of the specimens.

"It took a long time to get this collection together," the jeweler said, "and it is the only one in the town of the kind thus arranged. You see here the brown diamond, the absinthe, the canary or yellow, the gem, the pink, the rote, and the coffee and the green diamond. The effect of these combinations in the sunlight is entrancing. Each predominant hue seems to impart a distinct luster to the prismatic scintillations. When the tray is swung to and fro in the sunbeams it gives forth as you see a perfect blaze of rainbow colors. These gems also illustrate different cuttings of the diamonds. Were they all set in a bracelet or a brooch or a necklace they would make a rarely beautiful trinket, but it would cost a heap of money."

The jeweler picked out one sparkle with a pair of diamond tweezers and held it forward in the show window.

"This is a Brazilian gem," he said, "like which there is only one other in the world, in Paris, and the French one is not as pure or as large as this. This is what is called a black diamond and is valued at twenty-five hundred dollars. It weighs a trifle less than four karats. Its beauty lies in the fact that it changes its color in different lights. In this strong sunlight you see it is almost black, but it gives forth a prismatic radiance greater than that emitted by the best of the black gems. In gaslight, you observe, the black hue becomes a rich golden brown, and the play of colors is changed, too. Diamonds of this sort are regarded by the superstitious miners as 'gold stones,' that is, gems possessing a power of imparting good luck to the owner in the search for hidden gold. This stone was secured in Paris, whither it was brought in rough for cutting by a Rio Janeiro merchant.

"Here," continued the jeweler, "is another curiosity." He picked up a three-karat white stone with the tweezers. "It is a specimen that will prove to you that there is a difference of sex in the gems. This is what is called the female, a multiplying diamond."

He held the gem under a strong magnifying glass and pointed to four or five smaller diamonds, clustered about one of the facets at the edge of the table of the stone. "The male gem," the jeweler said, "is sharp-pointed and never gathers these embryo gems. There is a fine specimen alongside that pink stone. It surprises most people who see those specimens to be told that they are of different sex as well as colors, but such is the fact."—Jewelers' Review.

A Sensitive Saint.

A painter had been commissioned to paint the image of a saint on the refectory wall of a convent. The price stipulated was very low, but it was agreed that the painter should have his meals provided at the expense of the convent until the work was finished. But the only food supplied to the poor artist was bread, onions and water. The day for unveiling the fresco at length arrived. The friars stood round the artist, the curtain was removed. It was no doubt a very fine picture, but the saint had his back turned toward the spectators. "What does this mean?" shouted the indignant prior. "Padre, I was compelled to paint the picture as you see it, for the saint could not bear the smell of onions."

A COMPROMISE

How a Case of Presumption Finally Ended.

"British consulate? Yes, sir. Take the first to the left, and the third to the right, and go on till you come to a drunken sailor—that's the British consulate."

I am told that the above direction was once actually given, and really the threshold of H. M. B.'s consul is often marked with human wreckage. One bright May morning at St. Gumbo Sir Martin Behan, accompanied by his pretty daughter Sybil, found this official in conversation with a case of distress, which had not been asked into his private room. They drew back and overheard this conversation:

"Have you been to the St. George's society?"

"Yes—and they do not believe my story."

"Well, it *is* rather—suppose, now, somebody else had told it to you; would you believe it?"

"A year ago I would not," said the man, frankly. No well set-up scarecrow would have changed clothes with him, and there was just a hope that his emaciated condition was due to starvation and not to fever.

"So you can do nothing for me?" he asked.

"It is the hardest part of my day's work to answer such questions," the consul replied. "Officially I *must* not, privately I—ah, Sir Martin! back again so soon? Come in." The case of distress stepped aside and the door closed against him.

"Tired of Florida already?"

"No, I should have liked to spend another fortnight there, and Sybil was delighted with the glimpse she got of the Everglades; but I received a telegram which calls me home without delay. Have you any letters for us?"

The bell was sounded, and a ready clerk appeared with their "mail"—some of it for the baronet, more for his daughter, and a lot of newspapers for both.

"Can we catch Wednesday's steamer?"

"Hardly. Have you wired for berths?"

"Not yet."

"I'll do so for you at once. All the boats are very full at this season. Which do you prefer—Cunard, White, Star, Inman?"

"Anything that's first and fastest," said Sir Martin. "Sybil is a good sailor, and can rough it."

The answer came that there was no chance for Wednesday, as the passengers could not reach New York in time; but they might go by the "City of Paris," which was to sail on Saturday at 11:15 a. m.

Sir Martin and his daughter were in mourning for a distant relative from whom they had great expectations until she died, and her will was read. Then a hitch came. The question was one of survivorship, and you would not care for the legal points on which it arose. Shortly it came to this. The widow of Singleton Behan died of old age on the 3d of February, 1888, leaving the bulk of her property to "the oldest or only son of my once dear friend, Clara, wife of Capt. Maurice Vining, who may be living at the time of my death, and his heirs, etc., as part reparation for a wrong I did his mother." The "remainder man," or next in order, was "my cousin, Sir Martin Behan, his heirs, administrators, executors and assigns." Capt. Vining died many years ago. His widow married again, and had one son who sailed from Madeira on the 29th of January, 1888, and his ship the SS. "Magnolia," was lost at sea on the 3d of February. Did he die before the testatrix, or did she die first? All depended on that. The old lady passed away so quietly that opinions differed as to exactly at what moment life became extinct. It might have been at any time between half-past nine and eleven o'clock a. m. As nothing could be done for her, no doctor was present.

Clara's son's ship was seen on her beam ends, about to founder, at seven fifteen a. m., in such a storm that nothing could be done to save those on board. Might he, strong swimmer as he was known to be, hold out for three hours and forty-five minutes in that raging sea? If he did—if he outlived his benefactress for any fraction of time—the estates were his, and would go to his heirs. If he died first, then Sir Martin came in.

The "City of Paris" made a pleasant and speedy trip, and Sybil an agreeable acquaintance in the person of a strikingly handsome man, who sat next to her at table, and was very attentive all day. His name on the passenger list was Hugh De Mauriac.

"I don't like the fellow," growled Sir Martin. "I've seen his face before somewhere." One reason for this dislike was that Sybil seemed to like him very much, and all the father was up in arms against a possible adventurer.

"We've met before," he said, gruffly one day. "Where was it?"

"At the British consulate, St. Gumbo. I was in a bad fix then."

Sir Martin turned away with an indignant snort, and found his daughter.

"I knew it!" he said. "The fellow is an imposter! He is that dirty tramp we saw at Consul Fountaine's door, begging. How could he get the money to pay for a first-class passage, and good clothes, and cigars and wine? Stole it, of course. De Mauriac, indeed! Just the sort of name such a rascal would take."

"Oh, papa! He might have found some friends."

"Fellows who go begging to consulates and St. George's societies have no friends. How dare he speak to you! You must cut him dead from this moment."

"That would be unkind, perhaps unjust," Sybil replied, sadly. "We shall be at Queenstown to-morrow. Please, dear papa, do not make me hurt his feelings. I will avoid him as much as possible. Remember that whatever he may be now, he was evidently once a gentleman."

"I'll save you any qualms about it," said her father, decisively; and he kept his word.

There was a storm that day in Sir Martin's cabin, after which Mr. De Mauriac changed his place at the table, and Sybil lost her appetite. Her father had an uneasy feeling that he did not get quite the best of it; and was heard to say that of all the cool, insolent scoundrels he had ever encountered, the fellow who called himself De Mauriac was the worst.

He was not pleased to find on landing at Liverpool that the case officially entitled "In the matter of the goods of Sophia Behan, deceased," had been commenced that very day, and the consolation offered by his solicitor, to the effect that he could not be of any assistance, made him very angry. He got into a temper with the customs' officers, and this did not expedite the passing of his luggage. He became furious when "that scoundrel" (as he accustomed himself to call De Mauriac) passed and lifted his hat to Sybil, who stood behind her father in the agony which daughters feel when they see the authors of their being making fools of themselves in public. These delays cost him his train—the last for that day and the morrow was Sunday! As the fatal "Too late, sir," was spoken and the carriage rolled by he caught a glimpse of "that scoundrel" seated in a first-class corner and chatting pleasantly with—could his eyes deceive him? —the heir of a marquis and one of the most fastidious men in London!

In the meantime the Behan will case, with two Q. Cs. on each side, and a whole row of juniors representing the various interests affected, had its first day in court, and a rare tilting of wits was displayed. The actual plaintiff was the lady named as "Clara" the wife of Capt. Maurice Vining," who claimed as heir and next-of-kin to her shipwrecked son. The actual defendant was Sir Martin. It suited one side to expedite the death of the testatrix, and prolong the other life. The opposition fought hard to show that the former lived for several hours after half past nine o'clock, and that the latter was sucked down with his ship and drowned instanter. All this trouble was caused by the words "living at the time of my death." the consequences of which the old lady had not foreseen. Her intention was to benefit Mrs. Vining *through some one of her children*, fearing, perhaps, that a direct gift would not be welcome on account of their quarrel, and now—if the presumptions relied upon on behalf of Sir Martin should prevail—she would get nothing. But the will had to speak for itself. As the case proceeded, the difference of time between the final sinking of the ship and the actual demise of the testatrix was reduced, according to the balance of evidence, to half-an-hour; and, at the rising of the court, the judge suggested a compromise.

"You will have all to-morrow," he said, "to think about it."

As soon as the Sunday crawler landed Sir Martin in London, he left Sybil in charge of their impedimenta, and rushed to the private residence of his solicitor.

"Compromise? Ridiculous!" he blustered. "The board of trade report is official—do you understand me, sir?—*official!* You should have protested against any attempt to dispute it. The ship sank at seven o'clock." Then, for the first time, he learned the name of his opponent in the cause, which in their correspondence had been always entitled "*re* Behan," or "Behan's Will." It was the same as "that scoundrel" bore—De Mauriac! "By the Lord!" he exclaimed, "this may be another Tichborne case, but I'll fight it to the bitter end."

The bitter end came on Monday morning, when Mrs. De Mauriac appeared in court—no longer, as before, in deep mourning—and accompanied by a gentleman, who was immediately put into the witness-box. His story had the hall-marks of truth all over it. He was Hugh De Mauriac. When the SS. "Magnolia" was settling down he seized the first thing at hand, a hencoop, and jumped overboard with it. He was picked up the next day but one by a Norwegian bark, bound for Buenos Ayres. There he was laid up with fever for six weeks. Thence he worked his passage as a coal trimmer to Rio, and thence to St. Gumbo. Having failed to obtain any assistance there, not even a chance to shovel coal, he felt himself beaten at last; but as he left the consulate—homeless, hopeless, penniless, not knowing which way to turn and starve—he ran against a friend; a man to whom he had once done a good turn and who remembered it. Thanks to him, he was able to reappear as a gentleman, and return to his home.

Why had he not written to his mother from any of the places he had mentioned? He did. He wrote her five letters in all, but, as hard luck would have it, she went abroad on hearing of his (supposed) death, and left no address.

By this time all presumptions were upset, and the question became one of identity. Sir Martin's Q. Cs. made a gallant fight, but had to give in. The dead letter office brought the missing correspondence to life. A dozen unimpeachable witnesses recognized "dear old Hugh," and poor Sophy Behan had her will in every sense of the word. There had been a romance in her life, but "that is another story."

You will therefore be surprised to hear that after all the case was compromised, and this was done in such a manner that the heirs of Sir Martin Behan became also the heirs of Hugh De Mauriac, simply because Sybil was their mother.—Albany De Fonblanque, in Black and White.

Evening Things Up.

Never was the old proverb illustrated better than in one of our barber shops last week. A customer came in and asked the proprietor if he could be shaved for five cents. The barber told him certainly and proceeded to lather him, then calmly sat down to read the paper. After waiting awhile the man remonstrated and received the information that he was promised a shave for five cents but was not promised when he should be shaved. He capitulated and said he would pay the barber ten cents. The paper was immediately laid aside and the man was shaved. He started to go out the door without paying, and when reminded of his lapse said: "I told you I would pay you ten cents for a shave but I did not say when I would pay." The barber promptly acknowledged the corn.—Brunswick (Me.) Telegraph.

—Patient—"What kept you away so long, doctor? I've waited for you five hours." Country Doctor—"Why, the fact is my wife was busy curing hams and needed my assistance." Patient—"She ought to have called other help if she wanted 'em cured, and I'll tell her so." —Pharmaceutical Era.

AN ODD NAME.

A little lad, unknown to fame,
Had an uncommon Bible name;
And one that is not often heard,
So very seldom 'tis conferred.

And yet, that you may have a hint,
I'll say that it appears in print
In David's sacred Psalms, where it
Becomes a part of Holy Writ.

When Israel sang their songs of praise,
A higher note of joy they'd raise;
And this one word of praise and prayer
Was loudly echoed then and there.

Yet much I doubt if Jewish lad
E'er bore the name this Gentile had;
And yet 'twas very sweet to hear,
And soft and pleasant to the ear.

And oh, the mother of the boy
Called out his name with pride and joy,
A funny name, I must confess,
And what it was you'll have to guess.

But as 'twould puzzle you, no doubt,
To find this queer enigma out;
I'll tell you in these few lines more,
That Selah was the name he bore.
—Josephine Pollard, in N. Y. Independent.

"GUNNY" AND "DUMPS."

Their Story as Told by the Girl from Redhorse.

June 20.—I find myself more and more interested in him. It is not, I am sure, his—do you know any noun corresponding to the adjective "handsome?"—one does not like to say "beauty" when speaking of a man. He is handsome enough, Heaven knows; I should not even care to trust you with him—faithfulest of all possible wives that you are—when he looks his best, as he always does.

Nor do I think the fascination of his manners has much to do with it. You recollect that the charm of art inheres in that which is indefinable, and to you and me, my dear Irene, I fancy there is rather less of that in the branch of art under consideration than to girls in their first season.

He seems to know everything, as indeed, he ought, for he has been everywhere, read everything, seen all there is to see—sometimes I think rather more than is good for him—and had acquaintance with the queerest people. And then his voice—Irene, when I hear it, I actually feel as if I ought to have paid at the door, though, of course, it is my own door.

July 3.—I fear my remarks about Dr. Barritz must have been, being thoughtless, very silly, or you would not have written of him with such levity, not to say disrespect. Believe me, dearest, he has more dignity and seriousness (of the kind, I mean, which is not inconsistent with a manner sometimes playful and always charming) than any of the men that you and I ever met.

And young Raynor—you know Raynor at Monterey—tells me that the men all like him, and that he is treated with something like deference everywhere. There is a mystery, too—something about his connection with the Blavatsky people in northern India. Raynor either would not or could not tell me the particulars. I infer that Dr. Barritz is thought—don't you dare to laugh—a magician! could anything be finer than that?

July 16.—The strangest thing! Last evening while aunt was attending one of the hotel hops (I hate them) Dr. Barritz called. It was scandalously late—I actually believe he had talked with aunty in the ball-room, and learned from her that I was alone.

I had been all the evening contriving how to worm out of him the truth about his connection with the Thugs in Sepoy, and all of that black business, but the moment he fixed his eyes on me, for I admitted him, I'm ashamed to say I was helpless. I trembled. I blushed. I—oh, Irene! Irene! I love the man beyond expression, and you know how it is yourself!

Fancy! I, an ugly duckling from Redhorse—daughter, they say, of old "Calamity Jim"—certainly his heiress, with no living relation but an absurd old aunt who spoils me a thousand and fifty ways—absolutely destitute of everything but one million dollars and a hope in Paris—I daring to love a god like him! Mr dear, if I had you here I could tear your hair out with mortification.

July 17.—That little wretch Raynor called yesterday, and his babble set me almost wild. He never runs down—that is to say, when he does run down a score of reputations more or less he does not pause between one reputation and the next. By the way he inquired about you, and his manifestations of interest in you had, I must confess, a good of genuine vraisemblance.

Mr. Raynor observes no game laws; like the death he would inflict if slanders were fatal, he has all seasons for his own. But I like him, for we knew one another at Redhorse, when we were young and true-hearted and barefooted. He was known in those fair days as "Giggles," and I—O! Irene! can you ever forgive me?—I was called "Gunny." God knows why; perhaps in allusion to the material of my pinafores; perhaps because the name is an alliteration with "Giggles," for Gig and I were inseparable playmates, and the miners may have thought it a delicate compliment to recognize some kind of relationship between us.

Later we took in a third—another of adversity's brood who, like Garrick between tragedy and comedy, had a chronic inability to adjudicate the rival claims (to himself) of frost and famine. Between him and the grave there was seldom anything more than a single suspender and the hope of a meal, which would at the same time support life and make it insupportable.

He literally picked up a precarious living for himself and mother by "chloriding the dumps," that is to say, the miners permitted him to search the heaps of waste rock for such pieces of "pay ore" as had been overlooked, and these he sacked up and sold to the Snydicate mill.

He became a member of our firm—"Gunny, Giggles & Dumps" thenceforth—through my favor, for I could not then, nor can I now, be indifferent to his courage and prowess in defending against Giggles the im— right of his sex to insult a strange and unprotected female—myself.

After Old Jim struck it in the Calamity and I began to wear shoes to school, and, in emulation, Giggles took to washing his face and became Jack Raynor, of Wells, Fargo & Co., and old Mrs. Barts was herself "chlorified" to her fathers, Dumps drifted over to San Juan Smith and turned stage driver, and was killed by road agents.

Why do I tell you all this, dear? Because it is heavy on my heart. Because I walk the valley of humility. Because I am subduing myself to permanent consciousness of my unworthiness to unloose the latchet of his shoe. Because, O dear! O dear! there's a cousin of Dumps at this hotel!

I haven't spoken to him. I never had any acquaintance with him, but do you suppose he has recognized me? Do please, give me in your next your candid, sure-enough opinion about it and say you don't think so. Do you think he knows about me already, and that is why he left me last even— when he saw that I blushed and trembled like a fool under his eye? You know I can't bribe all the new papers.

Jack Raynor I am sure of—he will not tell him. He seems, indeed, to have him in such respect as hardly to dare speak to him at all, and I'm good deal that way myself. Dear! do I wish I had something besides a million dollars. If Jack were three inches taller I'd marry him and go back to Redhorse and wear sackcloth again to the end of my miserable days.

July 25.—We had a splendid sunset last evening, and I must tell you about it. I ran away from auntie and everybody and was walking alone on the beach. I expect you to believe you infidel, that I had not looked out of my window on the seaward side of the hotel and seen him walking alone on the beach. If you are not lost to every feeling of womanly delicacy you will accept my statement without question.

I soon established myself under the sunshade, and had for some time been gazing out dreamily over the sea when he approached, walking close to the edge of the water. It was ebb tide, I assure you the wet sand actually brightened about his feet. As he approached me he lifted his hat, saying: "Miss Dement, may I sit with you or will you walk with me?"

He extended his hand, smiling, and delivered mine into it without a moment's hesitation, and when his fingers closed about it to assist me to my feet the consciousness that it trembled and made me blush worse than the red west.

I got up, however, and after awhile, observing that he had not let go my hand, I pulled on it a little, but unsuccessfully. He simply held on, saying nothing, but looking down into my face with some kind of a smile. I didn't know—how could I?—whether it was affectionate, derisive or what, for I did not look at him.

How beautiful he was with the fires of sunset burning in the depths of his eyes! Do you know, dear, if the Thugs have any special kind of eye? Ah, you should have seen his supplicating attitude, the god-like incumbency of head as he stood over me after I had got upon my feet! It was a noble picture, but I soon destroyed it, for I began at once to sink to the earth. There was only one thing for me to do, and he did it; he supported me with his arm about my waist.

"Miss Dement, are you ill?" he said. It was an exclamation; there was neither alarm nor solicitude in it, and he had added: "I suppose that is what I am expected to say," as he hardly have expressed his sensations more clearly. His tone filled me with shame and indignation for I was suffering acutely.

I wrenched my hand out of his grasped the arm supporting me and pushing myself free fell plump into the sand and sat helpless. My hat had come off in the struggle and my hair tumbled about my face and shoulders in the most mortifying way.

"Go away from me," I cried, half choking. "Oh, please go away—you Thug! How dare you think that when my leg is asleep?"

I actually said those identical words. And then I broke down and sobbed. Irene, I fear I blubbered!

His manner altered in an instant—I could see that much through my fingers and hair. He dropped on one knee beside me, parted the tangle of hair, and said in the tenderest way: "My poor girl. God knows I have not intended to pain you. How should I—I who love you—I who have loved you for years and years?"

"What do you mean," I said, "by years and years?"

"Dearest," he replied, very gravely, very earnestly, "in the absence of the sunken cheeks, the hollow eyes, the lank hair, the slouching gait, the engrained dirt and youth, can you not—will you not—understand—Gunny, I'm Dump."

In a moment I was upon my feet and he upon his. I seized him by the lapels of his coat and peered into his hands, some face in the deepening darkness. I was breathless with excitement.

"And you are not dead?" I asked, hardly knowing what I said.

"Only dead in love, dear. I recovered from the road agent's bullet, but this, I fear, is fatal."

"But about Jack—Mr. Raynor? Don't you know—"

"I am ashamed to say, darling, that it was upon that unworthy person's invitation that I came here from Vienna.

Irene, they have played it upon you affectionate friend,

MARY JANE DEMENT.

P. S.—The worst of it is that there is no mystery; that was an invention of Jack to arouse my curiosity and interest. James is not a Thug. He assures me that in all his wanderings he has never set foot in Sepoy.—San Francisco Examiner.

STORIES OF ANIMALS.

A PET coon attacked and nearly killed his mistress at Piedmont, [illegible].

W. J. RAINEY, of Butler county, Pa., was picked up by a vicious horse and shaken till one arm was broken.

A cow accidentally shut up in a barn at Cedar Rapids, Ia., stayed there four weeks without food or water. She was not much injured by her long fast.

WHEN a New Bedford (Mass.) grocer entered his store the other morning he heard a noise behind the coun

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - - JANUARY 8, 1892.

THE size and growth of the city of London is shown by the mileage of the streets. Should they be placed together they would measure about 2,500 miles, or nearly the distance across the Atlantic ocean.

AN experimental sidewalk is now in operation in Chicago. It consists of two movable platforms 300 feet long, moving side by side in the same direction, one at a speed of three, the other at six miles per hour. It has carried 500 persons at one time and seems to be a success. It will be used at the World's Fair.

SECRETARY BLAINE was suddenly prostrated with an attack of illness at his office in the State Department, in Washington, on Wednesday morning about 11 o'clock. The illness was caused by indigestion, and after receiving medical attention he was taken to his home in a carriage, where the latest reports say he is now fully recovered.

THE State Treasurer's monthly report shows $782,760.25 in the sinking fund and $5,330,671.17 in the general fund. It is out of this latter fund that the schools will receive the annual appropriation of $5,000,000, in June. After that date the general fund is not expected to be very large, except just before the school payment is made each year.

ON Saturday General Montgomery C. Meigs, a retired member of the United States Engineer Corps, died of grip at Washington, D. C. He was regarded as the foremost scientific soldier in this country. He rendered great executive service as Quartermaster General of the Army throughout the entire war of the rebellion. He was born in Augusta, Ga., in 1816.

STATE SUPERINTENDENT of Banking Krumbhaar has submitted to the Attorney General a report on the condition of the Continental Finance and Trust Company of Philadelphia. The report gives no figures, but states that the bookkeeping was very defective, and that the concern is insolvent, and asks that the Attorney General apply for a receiver for the company.

AFTER a very bitter fight between Senator Sherman and ex-Governor Foraker, of Ohio, for the Senatorship, Sherman succeeded in downing Foraker on Wednesday by a vote of 55 to 38. It makes but little difference to Democrats whether Sherman or Foraker is preferred by the Republicans but it is a satisfaction to know that that blatant demagogue Fire Alarm Foraker will not be heard of in the Senate for some time to come.

SPEAKER CRISP has been very ill for the past couple of weeks and is unable to preside in Congress. Although improving it is thought that it will take a week or two yet for him to recover. On Tuesday Congressman McMillin, of Tennessee was elected Speaker, pro tempore, and the House at once proceeded to business. The past two days have been devoted to the introduction of bills of which there seems to be no end.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad company is getting in shape to spend $1,260,000 in putting the road in excellent shape for the Columbian exposition travel in 1893. Orders have been placed in the company's shops for the construction of 100 new locomotives, and 150 bright new passenger cars will be placed on the line by the opening of another year. Thirty miles of new double track will be built on the Ft. Wayne line and numerous sidings laid.

PRESIDENT HARRISON in his annual message estimates that the pension expenditures for the coming year will be largely increased above the President's figures by the hundreds of thousands of cases in which pensions have not yet been granted. When Abraham Lincoln proposed to purchase the slaves of the south for $300,000,000, and then set them free, there were those who objected to the proposition because of the great amount of money involved in it.

ON New Year's day the Philadelphia *Record* issued a Souvenir number which, as a newspaper marvel, was one of the greatest of this age of progress. In printing the edition 84 tons of paper were used, over 150,000 copies issued, each copy contained 48 pages. The *Record* is one of the best papers in the United States is ahead of every other paper in Philadelphia in circulation and in politics it is as true to tariff-reform and the best interests of the people as the needle is to the pole.

THE chances for a war with Chili seem to be daily growing less. A late dispatch from Valparaiso says: It has been learned that the Government's cable to Minister Montt, at Washington, was a withdrawal of the offensive paragraphs in Senor Matta's letter in reply to President Harrison's message. It is believed that the three men found guilty of stabbing the Baltimore seamen will be punished publicly during the festivities just beginning in honor of the victory over Balmaceda.

THE Governor of Kansas, says the New York *World*, disregarding the just request of the Farmers' Alliance that he summon the Legislature to elect a Senator representing the people, has appointed a Republican to succeed Mr. Plumb. To aggravate his offense he has appointed ex-Congressman Bishop W. Perkins, who was one of the many mis-Representatives in the Billion Dollar Congress defeated for re-election in 1890. Mr. Perkins is a free-silver Republican of ordinary ability and a considerable gift of the gab.

AMONG the decisions of the Supreme Court, handed down on Monday last at Philadelphia, was that of Caroline Davis against Felix McKnight, which sustains the decision of the Common Pleas Court, of Allegheny county, granting a recovery under a statute little known and seldom invoked, which makes saloon-keepers responsible in damages for injuries resulting from their sale of liquor to intoxicated persons. On a night in October, 1889, Robert Davies, the husband of the plaintiff, became very much intoxicated on liquor furnished by the defendant, and on his way home fell in a gutter and lay there. The gutter was full of water and the unfortunate man contracted an attack of pneumonia from which he died. A jury gave his widow substantial damages. The saloon-keepers's only grounds of defense were that the liquor was not the proximate cause of death and that what Davies drank he drank voluntarily. The decision is one that all saloon-keepers should make a note of and conduct their business in such a way as to keep their customers from carrying more than twenty pounds to the square inch.

ONE of the most important results to flow from the political change in New York will be an apportionment of representatives in the State Legislature. For many years the Republicans, holding the Legislature by an unfair apportionment upon an old basis of population, have persistently refused to obey the law requiring an equal distribution of representatives among the people. While the Democrats have had a majority in the State, electing the Governor and other State officials, the Republicans, through fradulent control of the Legislature, have been enabled to send United States Senators to Washington in defiance of the will of the people. This has been a disfranchisement of the people of New York and a fraud upon the whole country. But the new Legislature of New York will at last put an end to this flagrant violation of the principles of representation.

THE McKinley bill, says the Pittsburg *Post*, put a tariff of 25 per cent ad valorem on watches, watch cases, movements and crystals. As in all other instances, this was professedly to enable the American watch manufacturer to compete with his European rival without lowering the wages of the American workingman. Yet the news is that the employes of the Waltham Watch Company are about to strike on account of a recent reduction in their wages, and that for the same reason certain of the employes of the Elgin (Ill.) National Watch Company have already struck and 3,000 more are getting ready to go out. The fact is that a high tariff enables manufactures to establish a monopoly and pay what wages they will. Where competition is working its natural results combination steps in.

THE Philadelphia *Record* of the 3rd inst. says: The United States Supreme Court by a vote of 6 to 3, has reversed the decision of the Supreme Court in Nebraska by which Governor Boyd was unseated and Governor Thayer allowed to hold over on the ground of Governor Boyd's disqualification, it having been asserted that he was not a naturalized citizen. His citizenship has been affirmed by the Supreme Court, both because of his own act in taking out final naturalization papers when his citizenship was brought in question, and by virtue of the act of Congress admitting Nebraska into the Union, which provided that all its inhabitants should be citizens. The New Year commences well in bringing Democracy into possession of the hard-won fruits of victory.

POSTMASTER BARKER was in Pittsburg, last week, at a meeting that Senator Quay had with the Republican managers in the western part of the State. It has since come to pass that Quay and Harrison, will not likely be utilizing the same quill and it may bother Postmaster Barker to be a good Harrison man and a strong adherent of Quay's at the same time. Collector Brooks, of Philadelphia, was recently relieved of a lot of patronage on account of his being hustling for some one other than Harrison, and it has been as good as officially given out that federal office holders are expected to recognize the hand that feeds them and help the administration if it comes to a fight with Quay.

THE following amendments to the McKinley tariff law were introduced in the House at Washington, on Tuesday: "By Mr. Martin of Indiana, to repeal the sugar bounty law; by Mr. Watson of Georgia, to place jute bagging, jute, iron ties and binding twine on the free list; by Mr. Andrew of Massachusetts, placing raw wool, coal and iron ore on the free list; by Mr. Stone of Kentucky, for free entry of lumber, tin plate and terne plate; by Mr. Goodnight, of Kentucky, placing salt on the free list; by Mr. McCreary, of Kentucky, placing tin plate and agricultural implements on the free list.

THE postage stamp will be fifty-two years old in May. Its inventor was a printer James Chalmers, of Dundee, Scotland, who died in 1853. England, fifty-two years ago, introduced the new system of prepaying letter postage, and according to a decree of Dec. 21, 1839, issued the first stamps, which were to be put before the public on May 6 of the following year. A year later they were introduced in the United States and Switzerland, and within three years had become common in Bavaria, Belgium and France.

AT his residence in Reading, General David McM. Gregg, Auditor General-elect is confined to his bed very ill. He first took sick with an attack of the grip, but subsequently more serious symptoms were manifested which threatened pneumonia. His physician does not permit any visitors to see him.

Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Jan. 2nd, 1892. A prominent Democratic member of the House Committee on appropriations, talked very interestingly of the situation to your correspondent. He said: "I am afraid that there is a disposition on the part of Democrats to expect too much from the present House. Reforms under our form of government must necessarily be slow, even where both branches of Congress and the Executive are in accord. We have to contend against a hostile Senate and Executive, but we hope to come about some reforms in the tariff and in the expenditure of the government. There may be a slight difference of opinion in the party about whether it would be best for the House to prepare and pass an entire tariff bill, according to Democratic ideas of what such a measure should be, or to pass a number of bills correcting the inequalities of the the present tariff law; but there can be none as to which of these plans are the most likely to bring practical results. The first could, of course, be passed by the House, but it could not possibly get through the Senate, while there is reason for believing that several of the latter can be gotten through the Senate, thus throwing the responsibility for their defeat upon Mr. Harrison.

"Now as to appropriations. I do not know what will be the result of the effort to have all of the appropriation bills restored to the Appropriation committee, but personally I agree with Mr. Holman in believing that its accomplishment would materially aid in cutting down the total of appropriations. I cannot say just where we shall make reductions, but I will say that every Democratic member of the House who has carefully studied the subject is of my opinion——that we can make a very large reduction in the total amount appropriated without interfering in the slightest with the workings of any useful branch of the government service, and that is the task which we have set for ourselves, and it is by no means a light one, as we shall have to do battle with the Republican Senate over the many extravagant amendments certain to be added to the appropriation bills by that body, which constantly grows more extravagant in its ideas."

Speaker Crisp has so far recovered from his attack of the grip as to be able to do a little talking on the new rules of the House with his Democratic colleagues of the committee on Rules, Messrs. McMillin and Catchings; but it is not thought that the new rules will be reported to the House for a couple of weeks, but that will not retard business much, as the House will work under the rules of the Fiftieth Congress until the new ones are ready.

Mr. Mills has almost entirely regained his health, and is daily seen on the streets, building himself up by taking long walks.

There are no new developments in the Chilian situation. The administration having sufficiently stirred up the country is now waiting to make up its mind what to do next.

The Republicans cannot hide the anxiety they feel about Mr. Blaine's intentions; they want to know just what he intends doing, in order that they may trim their sails accordingly, and all sorts of devices have been resorted to in the hope of getting the wily Secretary of State to declare himself. At a dinner party this week, attended by a score of Senators and Representatives belonging to the Republican party, it was decided to send an embassy to Mr. Blaine, in the person of Col. W. W. Dudley, who, ever since his falling out with Mr. Harrison, has been an ardent Blaine man, with a request for a positive yes or no as to his becoming his party's candidate. Dudley called on Mr. Blaine and devoted almost an hour to the most persuasive arguments he knew how to make, and left as wise as when he came. Mr. Blaine declined to commit himself.

Representative Springer says he has received many letters from all sections of the country, commending his plan of attacking the McKinley tariff bill in sections, by means of separate bills providing for the amendment, or outright repeal of the worst sections of that law. Mr. Springer thinks that the committee on ways and means will report a number of these separate tariff bills early in the session, and that they will be put through the House without any unnecessary delay.

The Republicans shouted too soon about wheat being put upon the free list by the reciprocity treaty with the British West India Islands. The official schedule of the treaty has been made public, and the best that wheat, corn, oats, salt or pickled pork and beef gets, is a reduction or 25 per cent in the existing duties. M.

Buried Alive.

ST PETERSBURG, Jan. 4.—Intelligence reached here to-day of a fearful accident that occurred at Prosohovitsaks, a village in Russia Poland. It appears that a physician who had been practicing at that place recently became ill, and, to all appearances, died. The body was interred. A few hours after the mourners had departed from the cemetery some men who were engaged about the grounds were startled by hearing a succession of the most unearthly shrieks, which to all appearances came from the newly filled grave. At first the men fled in consternation, but in a short time their courage returned. Shovels were procured and the earth was hastily removed from the grave and the coffin lifted out. Upon opening the coffin it was found that the doctor had been alive when he was buried, but that he had subsequently died from suffocation.

Would Rather Burn.

WILKESBARRE, January 3.—Charles Wall, the Wyoming county wife murderer, has addressed a letter to Governor Pattison asking for his excellency to authorize the authorites of Wyoming county to burn him (Wall) to death instead of inflicting the death-penalty by the usual mode of hanging. Wall murdered his wife with on axe last June. He was jealous. On the morning of the murder he lay in wait for his wife. When she appeared in the back yard he knocked her down with an axe and nearly severed the head from the body. The murderer is repentant now. He spends all of his time in reading the Bible. He thinks hanging would be too good for him, and that death in a more horrible form would be more befitting his crime. Wall is not insane. The jail physician says he is perfectly sane. He has no idea of committing suicide.

Dr Graves Found Guilty of the Murder of Mrs. Barnaby.

The jury on the trial of Dr. C. Thatcher Graves, in Denver, Col., for the murder of Mrs. Barnaby, on Saturday night brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree.

Dr. Graves was Mrs. Barnaby's physician and business man in the East—where they both resided, she being a very wealthy widow, and a year or more since she went on a visit West with a female companion, and while in Denver received by express a bottle of whisky, which she partook of and soon died from the effects. The whisky was poisoned, and the jury thought Graves sent it for the purpose of killing her and profiting by her death. The expenses of the trial were not less than $50,000 on each side.

Dr. Graves made a partial confession of his guilt, implicating Colonel Ballou in the death of Mrs. Barnaby, and the Colonel has fled. One hour after his secret departure the startling verdict condemning Dr. Graves to death was found. Before the Colonel's departure he was accused of being an accomplice of Dr. Graves. It is supposed that this, coupled with a premonition of what the verdict would be, frightened him.

On the way to jail, after his fate had been pronounced by the jury, Dr. Graves made damaging statements about Colonel Ballou. "If Ballou had not come out here I would never have been convicted," he said. "I wanted to testify I sent a bottle of pure whisky to Mrs. Barnaby. Ballou would not let me. He is as guilty as I am. I followed his instructions, and it is not right that he should go free and I to the gallows."

Murders Committed to Conceal Thefts.

WILLIAMSBURG, O., Jan. 2.— The most sensational crimes in the history of this section of Ohio were unearthed here to-day almost by accident. A series of small but annoying thefts have been puzzling the police for some time. To-day, as the result of an altercation, George Snyder and Wells Fryman were arrested for carrying concealed weapons. On their person were found articles which connected them with the thefts. They confessed, and Fryman asked to be taken to the house of his aunt, Mrs. Mary Graves. Arrived at the house, Mrs. Graves was found dead, her face and hands having been horribly mutilated. In her house were found large quantities of stolen goods.

Instantly the police proclaimed another sensation in connection with the case. Early in the week four-year-old May Curliss, playing at a neighbor's, had told of Snyder hiding a lot of pretty things at her home. The matter became talked about, and the parents had been told of the child's story. Thursday night the child was found dead in the yard, shot in the head. It was given out that she had been accidentally shot by a stray bullet fired by some one celebrating New Year's eve. The police to-day searched the Curliss house and found much plunder. It is believed that both the woman and child were murdered. A mob is ready to lynch the two suspects.

Guarding Millionaires.

NEW YORK, Jan. 3. The attempt to blow up Russell Sage has put the other men who handle many millions on their guard, and some of them have regular guards now. Russell Sage himself, Jay Gould and Cornelius Vanderbilt are the three men all minds turn to instinctively when cranks with bombs are mentioned.

Sage, since the great explosion, has a constant guard. Colonel Slocum or Dr. Munn, or a colored servant is constantly in sight of him during the day.

Jay Gould was greatly affected by the assault upon Sage, and the first thing he did was to take his name off the door of his private office. There is no outward sign whatever by which to distinguish his room from the many others. He is very rarely seen since Norcross threw the bomb, except in the company of one or both of his sons, George and Eddie. Both entrances to his house are guarded day and night by men servants.

Cornelius Vanderbilt does not guard himself, but his friends keep a close watch upon him. Chauncey Depew and Vice President Webb quietly have guards on the lookout, all the while.

Liquor at the Clubs.

The decision of Judge Pennypacker that social clubs cannot sell liquor without a license has brought with it more trouble for the club men. Should the Supreme Court affirm the lower Court's rulings and insist upon a license being taken out, it will be very soon proven that a club cannot take out a license under the present law unless it sells to whosoever may apply.

Another portion of the present law which worries the club men is the fact that in applying for a license it must be distinctly stated in the petition that the applicant is the only person in any manner interested pecuniarily in the business, and that no other person shall be pecuniarly interested during the continuance of the license. The section relating to public houses also gives much concern to those interested. If a license is granted they are confronted with evidence of conducting a public house and the club rooms would have to be thrown open for everyone who applied for a drink.

Under Five Tons of Coal.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., January 2.—Five tons of coal fell upon Richard Kelly, an inmate of the Norristown asylum, and he was not discovered for two hours. Kelley has been in the hospital several years, having come from Downington, Chester county, and he was very slightly affected. He and five others were ordered to unload a car of pea coal today. He was working under the car trying to knock out the pins that held the door.

While one went for a crowbar, another patient opened the lock with a pick. The coal rushed down on Kelly, completely burying him. His absence was not observed for two hours. When workmen were carrying away the coal they found the dead body. The coroner is investigating the case. Dr. Chase, a resident physician, says he is surprised that the patients were allowed to work without a supervisor.

IN a hole in a ledge of rocks at Bridgeport, Conn., a man named Doolan found two pewter mugs of gold and silver coins There are more in the hole.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Early sown wheat has suffered greatly in southeastern Pennsylvania.

—An Indian skeleton was found by workmen employed in digging an excavation in Philadelphia on Monday.

—Dr. Ruth's horse ran away near Allentown, jumped into the river and drowned, while the doctor and his companion swam ashore.

—Mrs. A. T. Stewart spent $500 per pair for lace curtains, and the residence of Robert Garrett, of Baltimore, boasts curtains that cost $100 a yard.

—Eight men were shot to death in a general fight over a game of cards at Bright & Williams' turpentine still, in Clinch county Ga., on Tuesday. Ed. Williams and John Parker started the row and both were killed.

—John L. Sullivan and Duncan B Harrison close Lilly engagement at Portland, Ore., Monday night. In an interview Sullivan said: "I have taken the pledge to quit drink for one year. I am very anxious to meet Slavin, but it is apparent that he is trying to evade an issue."

—The committee representing the Associated Lumber Producers of Pennsylvania and Western New York this week determined upon an advance in the price of hemlock lumber of 50 cents per 1,000 feet. It was also decided that the production shall be restricted at least 25 per cent.

—It is said the New York legislature will pass an act providing that hereafter presidential electors shall be chosen by the legislature. If this act is passed the vote of New York will certainly be cast for the Democratic nominee for President. It is claimed that there is no doubt of the constitutionality of the proposed measure.

—A sad accident occurred at Girardville, on Tuesday night. While a Reading road foreman, Jacob Keseling, and his son, Joseph, were on their way home, the boy attempted to cross the road before an approaching train. He slipped, and falling with his neck across the rail, was beheaded by the engine in the presence of his agonized father.

—While the family of Jos. F. Corle, a cracker manufacturer, of Kansas City, Mo., were at supper on Tuesday night at 7 o'clock a thief entered the house in some way and, going to Mr. Corle's room, opened the drawers of his desk and secured $3,000 in jewelry, $7,000 in bonds, and other securities. The thief overlooked $80 in cash in a bureau drawer.

—It is reported that the Grand Duke Sergits, disguised as a peasant, in order to discover the truth about alleged difficulties in the purchase of bread at St. Petersburg, Russia, had a squabble with a baker and was thrown into the street by policemen, who severely hustled him and were about to arrest him when he revealed his identity, where upon three police officials committed suicide.

—Secretary Edge, of the state department of agriculture, is arranging for making a special feature of road construction and road laws at the farmers' institutes to be held under his supervision. At every institute held this year roads will be the chief topic for discussion. There is a marked increase in the number of institutes, every county except Philadelphia being scheduled for one or more.

—A Hungarian tramp, who said he came from Altoona, was discovered in a car at Janesville, Ill., Wednesday. He said he got in the car at Altoona to steal a ride. He went to sleep and when he awoke up the car was closed. That was eight days ago. During those days he was without food or water. When he left Altoona he says he weighed 172 pounds. Now his weight is 97½ pounds. He will recover.

—A horrible fate befell Hatthew Huberts at Kenland, Ind., on Tuesday. He and another boy jumped into a bin containing 15,000 bushels of shelled corn that was being drawn into another elevator through a valve in the bottom. The boys were testing their ability to extricate themselves, after being drawn down part way with the running corn, when young Huberts got in too deep, sank beneth the suaface and was smothered to death.

A Puzzler For Doctors.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Jan. 3.—May Cross the 16-year-old daughter of Edward Cross, a carpenter in Jordan, a village 17 miles from here, is an enigma to physicians.

She has lived sixty-seven days without apparent nourishment and yet she weighs about 110 pounds, and was strong enough to sing at her grandfather's funeral three weeks ago.

Her peculiar condition had been coming on for two years, when she had the grip. Food in any form remains on her stomach an instant only.

A peculiar phase of the case is that she does not sleep, with the exception of an hour in the morning. Opiates and chlorals act only as stimulants.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, Pennsylvania, to us directed, we will expose to public sale on the premises on

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1892,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described Real Estate, viz:

All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the township of Allegheny, county of Cambria, Pennsylvania, about one mile from the borough of Chest Springs, adjoining lands of Jacob Hook, John Mannion, heirs of Paul Conrad, deceased, D. W. McConnell, E. T. McConnell and Joseph Adams, containing

64 ACRES,

more or less, and having thereon erected a LARGE "L" HOUSE with Porch, and newly Log Barn, with Sheds Buggy Shed and other necessary Outbuildings, all in good repair.

TERMS OF SALE.

Ten per cent of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, the balance of one-third at the confirmation of sale; one-third in six months, and one third in one year from the confirmation of sale. Deferred payments to be secured by judgment bond and mortgage of purchaser and to bear interest from the confirmation of sale.

JOHN BARNET,
AMANDA ADAMS,
Executors of Thomas W. Adams, deceased.
Chest Springs, Pa., January 8, 1892-3.

Valuable Real Estate

FOR SALE!

A LOT of ground in the West ward of the borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa. fronting on Sample street having thereon erected a

FRAME HOUSE

and outbuildings, all in good repair. For term or particulars call on or address

JOHN NEALAN, Nicktown, Pa., or
M. D. KITTELL, Ebensburg, Pa.

FARM FOR RENT.

The subscriber offers for rent his farm in Munster township, along the line of the Ebensburg & Cresson railroad, about two miles from Cresson. Farm contains about 70 acres, about 60 cleared. Possession given on 1st of April. Call on or address the the subscriber at Loretto, Pa.

JAMES NOON.

Feb. 27, 1891.

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency

T. W. DICK,

General Insurance Agent

EBENSBURG, PA.

WE HAVE ORGANIZED

A : CLEARANCE : SALE

AND ARE MAKING SPECIAL PRICES ON

DRESS - GOODS,

TRIMMED HATS & BONNETS,

COATS, -:- UNDERWEAR,

FUR CAPES,

FUR BY THE YARD,

UMBRELLAS.

Gossamers and Pictures. We are closing out the balance of our Holiday Goods at Cost. We are selling for CASH ONLY.

Mrs. R. E. JONES.

Fall and Winter!

I have just received a large stock of

Boots, Shoes & Rubbers

FOR FALL AND WINTER TRADE. ALSO, A LARGE LINE OF SCHOOL SHOES.

The Finest line of Shirts and Underwear in the town. Hats and Caps, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Mittens, Rubber Coats, Umbrellas, Boys' Shirts and Waists, Cardigan Jackets, etc. You will also find I keep the Latest Styles of Neckwear.

P. S.—Agent for John W. Carroll's Tailoring House.

J. D. LUCAS,

Opposite Cambria House. EBENSBURG, PENNA.

WILLIAM M'KILLIP & CO.,

CASSANDRA, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

Steam Engines. AUTOMATIC AND PLAIN Slide Valve, Stationary, Portable and Traction. Cheapest and best for all purposes. Simple, strong and durable. No Fancy or boiler exemption. Saw Mills, Threshing Machines and Agricultural Implements and machinery generally. Send for Illus'd Catalogue *A. B. Farquhar*, York, Pa.

We are agents for the Penn Manufacturing Company, of York, Pa., manufacturers of

Engines - Hay - Bailers - Threshers, SAW MILLS.

and all kinds of farming implements. Parties desiring any machinery of the above description will do well to call on or address us.

WILLIAM M'KILLIP & CO.,
CASSANDRA, PA.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

Overcoats! Overcoats!

We are now prepared to show you the largest and best selected stock of FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING AND OVERCOATS in the county and give you the lowes' prices. My line of

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

is always complete. Am now prepared to show you a much larger assortment than ever before. Call and see me as I will sell you nice goods and save you money. Very Respectfully,

C. A. SHARBAUGH,
CARROLLTOWN, PA.

90-1y

ANDREW FOSTER,

247 and 249 Main Street, Johnstown.

LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S

CLOAKS FOR FALL & WINTER

at Lowest Possible Prices. Fit, Style and Workmanship Guaranteed.

OUR MUFFS

OF ALL GRADES CANNOT BE UNDERSOLD.

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS FOR THE LATEST STYLES IN

DRESS GOODS AND TRIMMINGS.

A FULL LINE OF CARPETS AND CURTAINS.

M'CONNELL & SAUPP

Are showing some Handsome Styles in

LIGHT :: OVERCOATS

IN CHEVIOTS, KERSEYS, ETC., AT

$6.50, $8.00, $10.00 and $11.50.

M'CONNELL & SAUPP'S

POPULAR CLOTHING HOUSE,

1300 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Pa.

"QUINN'S,"

New White Front Building, 113 Clinton Street, Johnstown, Pa.

New Stock of DRY GOODS, MILLINERY AND CARPETS. Call to see us when in town.

JAMES QUINN.

B. & B.

EVERYBODY BUYS

Gloves and Handkerchiefs

FOR EVERYBODY ELSE AT THE

Holiday Season.

We have a Special Circular and Price List on this subject alone, containing all the details of these elaborate goods and special values.

You'll be interested in it. Shall we send you a copy?

We Import all our Plain Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, Ladies' and Gents',

and are confident no such values as those we are selling can be found elsewhere.

We've made a reputation and are living it on

HANDKERCHIEFS.

More than 1,000 Styles of Ladies' Embroidered Handkerchiefs to select from.

Can we say more?

Yes, if value-giving in excention of all mail orders entrusted to us do not please you in full your expectations, we'll cheerfully take the goods back and refund the money. If you cannot come to see the

HOLIDAY DISPLAY

in these stores, you can order by mail with confidence.

BOGGS & BUHL,

115, 117, 119 & 121 Federal St.,

ALLEGHENY, PA.

E. A. JOHNSTON. W. J. HUCK. A. W. BUCK.
ESTABLISHED 1872.

Johnston, Buck & Co.,

BANKERS.

EBENSBURG, - - - PENN'A.

A. W. BUCK, Cashier.

ESTABLISHED 1888.

Carrolltown Bank,

CARROLLTOWN, PA.

T. A. SHARBAUGH, Cashier.

General Banking Business Transacted.

The following are the principal features of general banking business:

DEPOSITS

Received payable on demand and interest bearing certificates issued for time depositors.

LOANS

Extended to customers on favorable terms and approved paper discounted at all times.

COLLECTIONS

Made in the locality and upon all the banking towns in the United States. Charges moderate.

DRAFTS

Issued negotiable in all parts of the United States, and foreign exchange issued on all parts of Europe.

ACCOUNTS

Of merchants, farmers and others solicited, to whom reasonable accomodation will be extended.

Patrons are assured that all transactions shall be held as strictly private and confidential, and that they will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.

Respectfully,

JOHNSTON, BUCK & CO.

THE PITTSBURG TIMES.

Brighter and Better than Ever.

Progressive and Enterprising.

It gets the news of the world concisely by telegraph, and covers the local field carefully and accurately.

Correct Market Reports, bright and timely Editorials. In fact everything that goes to make a complete news paper can be found in the columns of THE TIMES.

Subscribe for

THE PITTSBURG TIMES.

IT COSTS BUT ONE CENT A COPY
$3.00 A YEAR.

JUST RECEIVED!

—A LARGE LOT—

Boots & Shoes

—BOUGHT AT—

Sheriff's Sale!

—FROM THE STOCK OF—

W. E. SCHMERTZ & CO.,

PITTSBURG, PA.

The public invited to call. Prices away down.

JNO. LLOYD & SONS.

NOT DEAD YET!

VALLIE LUTTRINGER,

MANUFACTURER OF

TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE

AND TIN ROOFING.

Respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public in general to the fact that he is still carrying on business at the old stand opposite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, and is prepared to supply from a large stock, or manufacturing to order, any article in his line, from the smallest to the largest, in the best manner and at the lowest living prices.

☞No penitentiary work either made or sold at this establishment.

TIN ROOFING a SPECIALTY.

Give me a call and satisfy yourselves as to my work and prices V. LUTTRINGER.

Ebensburg, April 13, 1883-tf.

FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale pieces of real estate situate in Munster township, Cambria county, Pa., containing respectively, sixty six and fifty-five acres and allowance. The property is improved and in good state of cultivation, and will be sold at a reasonable price and upon easy terms. For Further particulars call on or address Alvin Evans, Ebensburg, Pa. or LUKE ROBERTS, Loretto, Pa

December 12, 1890.

ANNUAL ELECTION NOTICE.

The annual election of the Protection Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Cambria county will be held at the office of the secretary in Ebensburg, on Monday, January 11, 1892, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

T. W. DICK,
Secretary

Dec. 11th, 1891-3t.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - - JANUARY 8, 1892.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Leap year.

—Write it 1892.

—1892 has 53 Sundays.

—Some people are preparing for the ice harvest.

—The county auditors commenced work on Monday.

—There were ninety three deaths in Gallitzin during the year 1891.

—Mr. John Rifel, of Summit, was a visitor to our town on Thursday.

—If you have a half dollar of 1838 with an "O" above the date you can get $12 for it.

—An infant child of Mr. L. A. Craver, of the Blair House, died one day last week.

—A telegraph office has been established at Kaylor's, with Mr. H. C. Roberts as operator.

—The Almshouse now has ninety two inmates, the greatest number since its erection.

—The Sons of Veterans of this place will hold a banquet at the Blair House on Friday night.

—Mr. D. G. Myers, of Ashville, who was recently very ill with pneumonia, is on a fair way to recovery.

—J. M. Neuhauser, of Greensburg, has been granted a divorce from his wife, nee Miss Alice Foster, formerly of Ebensburg.

—Mr. H. C. Litzinger, of Earnhart's Mills, Butler county, was visiting relatives and friends in Loretto during the holidays.

—Burgess I. T. Young has been retained by Sheriff Shumaker as jail warden, and Col. S. W. Davis has been retained as Deputy Sheriff.

—Besides the many other things which are promised to make this an interesting year are four eclipses, two of the sun and two of the moon.

—Mrs. James Bradley, of Allegheny township, died on Tuesday, January 5th, leaving a husband and five children to mourn her demise.

—Messrs. Johnston, Buck & Co., bankers, of this place, distributed a handsome lot of calendars to their patrons at the beginning of the year.

—Dr. E. C. Hunter, of Ashville, has sold his residence in that place to Mr. Washington Douglass, of Clearfield township, the price paid being $700.

—The county commissioners have re-appointed M. D. Kittell, Esq., as counsel; D. A. McGough, as clerk, and Jesse Belsinger as janitor for the ensuing year.

—Alvin Evans, Esq., has purchased a lot on Centre street, opposite the residence of Conductor Snyder, upon which he intends erecting a residence the coming summer.

—Winter was a long time coming but now it seems to have gotten here in earnest. We have about fifteen inches of snow where it is not drifted, and the chances for sleighing all weeks' sleighing are good.

—Rev. Father Deasy banqueted the choir of the Catholic church in this place on Monday evening. Before the supper was served the members of the choir presented Rev. Deasy with a very handsome lamp.

—Burgess Young who for the past three years has served as jail warden under Sheriff Stineman was presented by the latter with a check for $100 on Monday last, on the retirement of Sheriff Stineman from official life.

—Simon & Co., of Gallitzin have a change in their big ad this week which will prove interesting to the readers of the FREEMAN. Simon & Co. are still pulling down prices and you cannot visit their store without striking a bargain.

—Daniel Hagan died at the Almshouse on Sunday, January 3rd, aged about 66 years. The deceased was a resident of Lilly where he resided for many years, but on account of sickness was admitted to the Almshouse about two months ago.

—Mrs. Jenale Murray, wife of Matthew Murray, of Altoona, died on Saturday last at her home in that city, aged about 56 years. The deceased was a sister of Mr. Zach. Topper, of Gallitzin, and Mrs. Christ George, of Beaverdale, and Annie Lanford, of Lilly.

—B. F. Isenberg, of Huntingdon, Pa., proposes to grind free of charge all the grain brought to him, and in addition donate one bushel for every ten given by others, and send the flour to the starving Russians. A car load of flour will soon be shipped.

—A man was brought to the Almshouse from Wilmore on New Year's day, badly scratched up about the hands and face but not seriously injured. He had succeeded in jumping off a moving train. He is a Hungarian with a name that we could not catch on to.

—Mrs. Eliza Jane Conrad, an aged resident of Newry, died at her home in that place on Thursday, December 31st, aged about 70 years. The deceased was the widow of James Conrad, deceased, and was a sister of Mr. Henry Cassidy, of Munster township.

—The branch train was delayed about one hour on Tuesday evening caused by a lot of rock and earth having been thrown on the track near Munster station by the explosion of a blast, put off by the workmen engaged in building the new line from Kaylor's to Cresson.

—The many friends of Miss Annie V. Witt, of St. Augustine, will be sorry to learn that she has been very seriously ill with la grip at Johnstown, where she has had charge of a millinery store for some time past, but which she has since resigned. She is now recovering.

—Mrs. Daniel Murray, of Iowa, who has been visiting friends in Ebensburg for several weeks past, started for home on Tuesday, her sister, Mrs. Silas Luther, of this place, accompanying her as far as Pittsburg, where they will spend several days visiting relatives and friends.

—The jury commissioners are at work filling the wheel for the ensuing year. Seven hundred names will be placed in the wheel, from which the necessary number of jurors will be quarterly drawn. The jury commissioners expect to draw out the jurors for March term on Saturday.

—While in Johnstown last week we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Ogilvie, of the firm of Thomas, Kaer & Ogilvie. He is one of the men whom it is a pleasure to meet and when you visit that city it should be an object, if in search of clothing, to call around and get an introduction.

—William Aunkenbauer, aged fifteen years, son of Mr. George Aunkenbauer, the Gallitzin brewer, fell into a vat of scalding hot beer on Tuesday, December 29th, and was so badly scalded that he died on the succeeding day. He was a bright, interesting boy and the only son of his parents, who are sadly afflicted at his untimely death.

—G. M. Nicely, a fireman on an engine hauling New York & Chicago Limited, while passing Lilly on Monday of last week, had his head out of the cab window and was struck on the head and face by the mail stand at the side of the track and when picked up was found dead, his neck being broken and the entire top of the skull crushed in.

—Jim Bruce, Ebensburg's only Chinaman, was married to Miss Josephine Neely, of Allegheny city on Tuesday night at Pittsburg, Alderman Donovan, of the Ninth ward, of that city performing the ceremony. Mr. Bruce returned home with his bride on Wednesday evening and they have gone to house keeping in the East ward.

—A young man named A. G. Lockard, of Altoona, dropped dead in the parlor of Mr. Jacob F. Smith, of that city, on Tuesday evening, while talking to Miss Gertie Smith and making a friendly call. He had just announced his intention of going home and on rising from the sofa fell over and expired. He was about 26 years of age and a machinist by trade.

—Woolf & Son have sold their electric light plant to Mr. Bert Cresswell, who will move it to Ebensburg and add it to the plant he now has in operation there. The Woolf plant was used for lighting their immense store, and was very complete, but recently they contracted with the Johnstown Electric Light Company for a more extended service, hence the sale.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

—Thornton L. Rodgers, who during 1891-2-3 resided in Ebensburg and was employed as a clerk in the drug store of the late Dr. R. S. Bunn, died at his home in Wichita, Kansas, on Tuesday, January 5th, aged about 30 years. The deceased was a brother of Mrs. J. M. Thompson and a cousin of Mrs. C. T. Roberts, of this place, and leaves a wife and four children to mourn his death.

—It is stated at Harrisburg on good authority that the various Boards of Mercantile Appraisers will be abolished by the next legislature, and their work be done by the real estate assessors. It is stated that Governor Pattison has given the matter serious thought, and the expediency of doing away with the positions will be one of the main topics to be discussed in his message to the General Assembly.

—At the time of the death of Francis Burns at Gallitzin on December 5th last, a beautiful floral tribute was presented by his many friends in that place. After the funeral the floral offering was sent to Pittsburg where it was put through a preserving process and enclosed in a handsome frame and case, and on last Saturday evening it was presented to the family, the presentation address being made by Judge Bradley, who in a touching manner referred to the high esteem in which the deceased was held by the people of Gallitzin.

—A fire broke out on the second floor in the three story building known as the Jaggard Block, corner of Eleventh avenue and Thirteenth streets, Altoona, on Wednesday of last week and although the flames were soon conquered a large amount of damage was done by water and smoke to the contents of the rooms. One room on the first floor was occupied by McConnell & Sanpp, the well known clothiers and the damage done to their stock is estimated at between $8,000 and $9,000. The other room on the first floor was occupied by Bendheim as a shoe store and his loss is also large.

—Among the decisions of the supreme court handed down on Monday last were two from this county. The case of the Commonwealth vs. Drass et al., a sentence for costs was taken up by the defendants and the supreme court reverses the lower court. The other case is the appeal of R. P. Caulfield, administrator of Polly McKimm, against John C. Carroll, executor of Hugh Gaffney, deceased, against the division of the auditor distributing the fund and the confirmation of the same. In the latter case the supreme court also reverses the decree of the lower court.

—Jury Commissioner Keppler, of Westmoreland county, lives on the boundary line near Leechburg. When called to Greensburg by his duty, he does not take a drive of a couple of hours across the country, but drives two miles to the railway station at Leechburg, goes down the West Penn to Pittsburg, and thence by the Pennsylvania railroad to Greensburg. As he is paid six cents per mile for mileage, in addition to his daily salary, the mileage bill is a large one, as he goes back home by the same roundabout way. Mr. Keppler's last bill rendered for mileage was 3,400 miles., calling for $204.

—By a decision rendered by Judge Krebs in Clearfield on Monday last, where the question of the legality of applicants for liquor license obtaining bondsmen in any part of the county instead of in their own township, borough or ward, was raised, Judge Krebs held that as the amendment passed at the last session of the legislature speaks of the eighth section, and as the Brooks retail act is the only liquor law that has more than three sections, it cannot be an amendment to any other law, and that the court can correct errors when the same are merely clerical, and even in an act of assembly when as it is written it involves a manifest absurdity and the error is plain and obvious. Therefore, a bond signed by sureties otherwise qualified and residing in the county is a good bond.

Warned in Time.

People will have themselves largely to blame if the horrid grip secures a foothold here this winter. The board of health sounded a note of warning a few days ago. Physicians all agree that with proper precautions, the desease may be prevented. Aged and enfeebled persons, in fact any one whose system is run down, require a healthful stimulant just now. The medical faculty are a unit upon this point. Klein's "Silver Age" and "Duquesne" rye whiskies, which sell respectively at $1.50 and $1.25 per full quart, are the purest and best stimulants known. The most skilled practitioners in the country endorse and prescribe these brands and leading hospitals use them exclusively. Major Klein also sells Guckenheimer, Finch, Gibson, Overholt and Bear Creek at $1 per quart or six quarts for $5. His establishment is headquarters for everything in the liquor line. Goods expressed everywhere. Send for catalogue, mentioning this paper, to

MAX KLEIN,
85 Federal street, Allegheny, Pa.

For sale by J. A. & A. E. Beader, Ebensburg, Pa.

Officials Sworn In.

Court met on Monday for the purpose of swearing in the newly elected officials. The first to take the oath was Judge Barker, who appeared at the clerk's desk and was sworn in by Deputy Prothonotary H. H. Myers. After Judge Barker was sworn the oath of office was administered to Sheriff-elect James M. Shumaker and Jury Commissioners E. J. Blough and J. J. Kidd. After the newly-elected officials had been sworn in Judge Barker announced the appointment of Wm. H. Connell as a tipstave to take the place of R. H. Tudor, who resigned, and the appointment of T. W. Dick, Esq., as auditor to audit the accounts of the county officers with the state, when court adjourned until January 18th.

Argument List.

The following cases will be presented for argument at argument court, January 18, 1892:

In re exceptions to sale of real estate by Fred. Deerbeck administrator of Elizabeth Deerbeck, deceased.

In re exceptions to sale of real estate by F. A. Shoemaker, trustee, in estate of Daniel Swank, deceased

In re inquisition and exceptions thereto, in the estate of Jacob Stiffler deceased.

CELESTINE J. BLAIR,
Clerk O. C.

Local Institutes.

Program for local institute to be held at Portage, January 16th, 1892, beginning at 10 o'clock, A. M.:

Primary geography, J. A. Kensinger; Methods in physiology, Sarah McGough; Responsibilities of a teacher, Harriet Bradley; Morals and manners, Emma M. McCauley; Writing, L. W. Kaufman; School discipline, Mary Dempsey; Class drill in reading, Annie McGlade; Co-operation of teachers and parents, J. P. Weakland; Practical teaching, R. H. Biter; Language lessons, Nella McKeever; Recitations, Clara Mears, Emma Davison and Mary Kinkead; Essays, Hannah Knepper and Annie Maloney.

Program for institute to be held at Ebensburg, February 6th, 1892:

Afternoon session—One-half hour for discussing the "Course of Study," in which every teacher is expected to take part; Oral arithmetic, A. J. Sanker; Class drill, Maggie Shenkle; Duties of pupils to the school, T. J. Bell; Reading, Annie Jones; Recitation, Minnie Seckler; Language, Jerry Lloyd.

Evening session—Recitation, Mounie Murray; Question-box, in charge of T. L. Gibson; Essay, Annie Davison; School government, R. H. Biter; Spelling contest; Correcting pupils' work, Fannie Richardson. All interested in school work are cordially invited to attend.

Hymenial.

ROSENSTEEL—DELOZIER.—Married at St. Thomas' church, Ashville, Mr. John E. Rosensteel and Miss Cora A. Delozier.

The ceremony took place at nuptial mass in which the groom's brother, Rev. Oscar Rosensteel, of Rockville, Md., and Rev. T. M. Rosensteel, of this place, acted as celebrant and deacon respectively; Rev. M. J. Desmond, of Coalport, was sub-deacon. Rev. J. Keating, of Wilmore, assisted the choir and rendered some very fine vocal music, while Mrs. William Haines presided at the organ. The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Rosensteel, formerly of Ebensburg. The bride is the daughter of A. B. Delozier, Esq., and Mrs. Alice A. Delozier, of Ashville. Guests were present from Baltimore, Carrolltown, Loretto and Ebensburg. The presents were numerous and costly and I am sorry I cannot furnish a list. The happy couple departed on Thursday morning, December 31st, on a trip to Baltimore, Washington and other points and will be absent about ten days. On their return they will go to house-keeping in the new residence the groom has lately finished in Ashville. May their journey through life be prosperous and happy is the wish of their friends who are legion in this place. Z.

Ashville, Jan. 1st, 1892.

Argument List.

List of causes set down for argument at argument court to be held January 18, 1892:

Commonwealth vs. Harris; Commonwealth vs. Rutledge; Maxwell vs. Leahey; Bostert vs. Schrodt; Commonwealth vs. Burk; Scheffauer vs. Morrellville & Cambria Borough Water Company; Commonwealth vs. Bruner; Commonwealth vs. Steckenbiner; Commonwealth vs. Noel; McDonald Bros. & Henderson et al. vs. Mitchell; Same vs. Same; In re road in Stonycreek township; Commonwealth vs. Morris; In re road in Carroll township; W. H. Albers & Co. vs. O'Brien; Dempberly vs. E. Bradley et al.; Heslop vs. Cover; Johnstown Savings Bank vs. McMonagle; John Thomas & Sons vs. C. E. J. Mayer; Heslop's assignee vs. Straub; Glasgow vs. Strayer; Glasgow vs. Shoemaker; Yost vs. Yost; Hosier Drill Company vs. Moorhead; Johnstown Milling Co. vs. E. Bradley et al.; Conrath vs. Commonwealth; Cambria Canopy vs. Mellon; Costlow vs. Dwelling House Insurance Company; Orris vs. Head; Jacoby vs. Croyle et al.; Langlein vs. Thomas; Brattkewetz vs. Bennett & Grover; Jordan & Hinchman vs. C. W. Wilkin & Sons; Eger vs. Gessler; Shoemaker vs. Byrne; In re road in Wilkinsburg township; Overseers Clarion county vs. Poor Directors Cambria county; Behe vs. Gray, administrator, et al.; In re re-division Stonycreek and Dale borough; Sharpless vs. M. Wayne; Adair vs. Umbaugh; Klinordinger vs. McGough; In re line between Susquehanna and Barr townships; Overbeck vs. Overbeck.

JAS. C. BARRY, Prothy.

Communication.

EBENSBURG, Pa., Jan. 2, 1892.

Editor Cambria Freeman:

SIR:—Yesterday, the first day of the new year, was spent by the denizens of this quiet old 'burg, for the most part, in rather a "hum-drum" sort of fashion. There were, however, some pleasant social calls, among which may be mentioned that of a party of gentlemen, consisting of mine host of the Mountain House, J. B. Denny, Esq., Abel Lloyd, Esq., the genial ticket agent and manager of the interests of the P. R. R. Company at this place, Col. A. T. Pindle and Capt. Robert J. Scanlan, S. V., a grand-son of the late lamented Judge Johnston, who, with a spanking turnout, were driven to the residence of Capt. Thomas Davis, in the suburbs of the town. The Captain has been confined to his home for some time with a severe attack of asthma, supplemented by something akin to the grip, but from which he is now convalescing. Good cheer abounded and a most enjoyable time was passed by all that doubtless will be cherished as a "green spot" in the memories of the participants as the years roll by. PIONEER.

Judge Baer's Last Official Act.

Hon. J. H. Longenecker was sworn in at Bedford on Friday morning as judge of the Sixteenth district composed of Bedford and Somerset counties. The oath was administered by Judge Baer, of Somerset, in the presence of Judge White, of Indiana, and Judge Dean, of Blair, and the members of the bar.

The last official act of Judge Baer before retiring from the bench was the granting of a new trial to John Dean, who was convicted of murder in the first degree at the November sessions for the murder of Jack Carson, in Everett. After Judge Baer had rendered his decision, by consent of District Attorney Pennell, Dean was brought into court and pleaded guilty, the understanding being that in view of the character of the evidence the judge was to fix the grade of the crime. The judge then sentenced Dean to the Western penitentiary for the term of eleven years and ten months.

Presents.

On Monday last, after the newly elected officials had been sworn in, ex-Sheriff Stineman was presented with a gold-headed cane as a token of the high regard and esteem with which he was held by the officials connected with the court house. M. D. Kittell, Esq., made the presentation speech and in a happy manner referred to the kind feelings cherished by all connected with the court house for the retiring sheriff.

Shortly after this pleasant episode, Hon. John M. Rose, in behalf of a number of Johnstown friends, presented Sheriff James M. Shumaker with a very fine self-acting revolver. The sheriff accepted the gift and replied in a neat little speech promising to perform the new duties incumbent upon him to the best of his ability.

Watch Presentation.

Col. S. W. Davis, the efficient Deputy Sheriff under Ex-Sheriff Stineman was made the recipient of a handsome gold watch on Monday last, being a present from his late superior officer Mr. Stineman. On the inside of the watch is the following inscription: "Presented to S. W. Davis; Jan. 1889 to Jan. 1892. J. C. Stineman." On the outside is a monogram of the letters "S. W. D." It is needless to remark that Col. Davis is highly pleased with his handsome present which is a valuable token of the friendship existing between him and Ex-Sheriff Stineman.

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for two weeks ending Wednesday, January 6th, 1892:

Stephen Haddon and Clara Ellen Crum, Croyle township.

Wm. H. Baker, South Fork, and Emma Miller, Summerhill.

Isaac Bolvin and Alice Myers, Susquehanna township.

Eugene J. Dwyer, New York city, and Maud Anstead, Johnstown.

Charles Cameron and Barbara Alice Bracken, Blacklick township.

Irwin A. Boucher, Benscreek, and Lizzie G. Dietrick, Hastings.

Andrew Hammerstrom, Hastings, and Mary Erikson, Jersey Shore.

Michael Bradley and Agnes Leap, Lilly.

Thomas G. Morrison, Clearfield county, and Annie R. White, Croyle township.

Albert E. Martin and Mary W. Howell, Gallitzin.

Charles S. Nugent, Johnstown, and Iva Riggs, Morrellville.

Frank Heiner and Jennie Smith, Morrellville.

Thomas C. Hogue, Morrellville, and Clara Kemp, Harnedsville.

J. A. Stutzman, Croyle township, and Minnie Lydic, Greene township, Indiana county.

G. O. Burkhart, Mineral Point, and Ella Stutzman, Croyle township.

Michael Mileiz and Katie Malchyon, Johnstown.

Jacob Santer and Ella M. Bossert, Adams township.

William E. Hanna, Johnstown, and Rebecca Goughnour, East Conemaugh.

Joseph Mikalowski and Lakadyca Wolcesubousky, Johnstown.

Otto S. Ell, Carrolltown, and Sarah J. Eckenrode, Loretto.

Joseph F. Ausman, Altoona, Blair county, and Catharine Carlheim, St. Augustine.

James D. Bruce, Ebensburg, and Josephine V. Nellie, Allegheny, Pa.

Scott Brothers, Hastings, and Eliza Langham, Susquehanna township.

Fred E. Sweitzer and Mary Blum, Johnstown.

Frank Barna and Mary Farkar, Portage.

William Chappel, Summerhill, and Mary Elizabeth Dumm, South Fork.

Nathaniel Hoffman, Richland township, and Lizzie Sonter, Adams township.

Communication.

ASHVILLE, Pa., Dec. 26, 1891.

Editor Cambria Freeman:

SIR:—Will you kindly allow me space in your paper to contradict an article in the FREEMAN of the 18th inst., headed "A Dangerous Building." I repaired the St. Augustine church in the fall of 1885 and I saw it late in September last, and know whereof I speak, being a practical mechanic and builder. The church, I believe, would have stood for fifteen years and then would not have been called "a dangerous building," except by painters and farmers, such as your informers. I have known all of them from their childhood up to the present time, and as none of the said parties ever built a brick church or any other brick building, their knowledge of the cost of brick buildings is very limited.

Mr. Luther & Company say the building was spread sufficiently to permit the joists to fall from the collar beam. Now, the joists were not framed into collar beams but into girders, and if they had spread one-half an inch the plaster would have been cracked, and there was no sign of a crack in the ceiling. The joists had two inches of a hold in each girder, and there were three of them. This shows your signers were not mechanics or they would not call a girder a collar beam. There were no truss rafters in said church. It was framed with principal rafters and collar beams and girders, supported at center with suspension rods running from center of girder to center of principal rafters. They say the truss rafters were almost off the plate. By this I suppose they refer to principal rafters. The church was finished with a rake cornice and the heel of the rafters extended over the sides of the church 18 inches. So you see the church must have spread at least three feet for this to be a fact.

And as for their knowledge, or as they call it, "humble opinion" of the cost of the former St. Augustine church, it is as limited as their knowledge of framing a church roof. Now I can substantiate by affidavits of practical mechanics having a personal knowledge of said building all I assert to be true. JOHN A. STORM.

Dressing in Good Taste.

American ladies, especially in the larger cities and towns, are becoming noted for their good taste in dress. This is largely due to the fact that they secure the best fashion journals published, and by careful study of them they get correct ideas upon the all-important subject of dress. Any lady can cultivate her taste in this direction if she will only go to the trouble of comparing the styles found in the reliable fashion journals published by A. McDowell & Co., 4 West 14th street, New York, with those appearing in other fashion magazines. Those issued by A. McDowell & Co. are produced only by the best artists, and are for the most part plain, and in every respect practical; the others are generally very fond of dowdy, and thoroughly unsuitable for the requirements of American women. The firm of A. McDowell & Co. seeks to furnish ladies with genuine French styles, such as can be used without any danger of wearing ridiculous. Hence their fashion journals are now the favorites with all ladies of good taste throughout the country. "La Mode de Paris" gives the latest French styles. "Album des Modes" furnishes styles which are popular in Paris. "La Mode" gives a selection of styles which are serviceable to the family. The former two are each 35 cents a copy, or $3.50 a year. The last is 25 cents a copy or $1.50 per annum. They are supplied by newsdealers or direct to the subscribers from the house.

A Series of Four Special Excursions to Washington, D. C.

A delightful opportunity of visiting the national capital in its most attractive season while both houses of Congress are in session and all the departments open to visitors, is presented by a series of four special excursions of the Pennsylvania railroad January 21st, February 4th, 18th, and 25th, 1892. Excursion tickets will be good for ten days from date of sale, admitting of a stop-over in Baltimore in either direction within the proper limit, and tourists will travel in a special train of parlor cars and day coaches.

	Rate.	Train leaves.
Johnstown	$7.35	11:15 A. M.
Cresson	7.35	12:00 Noon.
Washington	Arrive	8:45 P. M.

Tickets will be good for use on any regular train of the dates above named except limited express trains. The return coupons will be valid for passage on any regular train except the Pennsylvania Limited.

Miscellaneous Notices.

WANTED:—Furs of all kinds, for which the highest market prices will be paid. Bring them in. G. L. FREDERICKS,
oct29 Ebensburg, Pa.

FOR RENT.—The Central Hotel, formerly the A. J. Christy hotel, Loretto, Pa. Address M. F. M'DONALD, Agent,
Nov. 27. Loretto, Pa.

STRICTLY No. 1 Road Carts for $40.00 at Dutton & Son's.

GENUINE Irish horse collars for $3.00 at Dutton's.

ESTRAY. Came to the residence of the subscriber in Washington township about the beginning of June, 1891, a brindle heifer, about two and a half years old, has some white on her back and breast, with a notch under the right ear and a small piece out of the left. The owner is requested to come and prove property, pay charges and take her away, otherwise she will be disposed of according to law. GARRETT SEESE.
Ebensburg, Pa., Jan. 8, 1892.3t.

NOTICE. All persons are hereby notified that I have this day bought from Martin Semmore one parlor organ and two cows, and have left the same with him during my pleasure.

Loretto, Pa., Jan. 4th, 1892. ISADORE SEYMORE.

FOR RENT.—The undersigned offers for rent his Meat Market at Lilly, with all the appurtenances, Ice Box, Refrigerator, etc., and Slaughter House. Possession given immediately. Apply to JOHN MUTZ JAR.
Jan. 8, 1892. Lilly, Pa.

BALTZELLS'.

When we say we are preparing for the greatest reduction sale that we have ever yet given we do not desire our readers to understand that they can enter our store and carry away its entire contents and leave no form of equivalent, but we want them to know that we do intend to give them what they may wish for at one-quarter to one-half of what they have been paying here or elsewhere, and that if they have dreams of economy and many possessions for the usual expenditure for a few the time will be when our great reduction sale begins on the 11th of January.

Our black dress goods shelves have been deprived of the greater share of their treasures but we still have much remaining that is of the best in style and quality and we expect to have a complete thinning out before our mid-winter sale is over. Therefore, they have been touched by the General Reduction hand as can be seen by the following partial quotations of the stock on hand:

Priestly Silk Warp Henriettas,	$1.25 to $1.75
Carlier's, All Wool	50 to 1.50
Novelties in Figures, stripes and dots,	64 to 1.00
Camels Hair,	1.25
Fur Plaids, 50 inch,	1.25
All Wool Serges,	50 to 1.25

At the same counter you will find elegant silks at the following reasonable figures:

Perfection Silks,	85 to $1.25
Faille Francaise,	72 to 1.25
Gros Grain	$1.00 to 1.00

Also colored Failles and velvets in all shades for trimming.

A short time hence such goods will be much higher in prices.

The Shoe department has also suffered in the general cut which will be but for a short time and affords decided chances for bargains in that line

Orphans' Court Sale
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE!

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, Pennsylvania, to me directed, I will expose to public sale at the hotel of M. Fitzharris, in Gallitzin, Cambria county, Pa., on
SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1892,
at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described Real Estate, viz:

All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pennsylvania, adjoining lands of B. F. Anderson, T. L. Parrish, Joseph F. Durbin, Susan Gallagher, heirs of Joseph O'Brien, deceased, William Lilly, and Lemon & Bailey, containing

275 ACRES,

more or less, about 100 acres of which are CLEARED, and having thereon erected a large two-storied

FRAME HOUSE!
and Large FRAME BARN!

and the necessary OUTBUILDINGS all in good repair. There is a large quantity of Pine, Hemlock and various kinds of Hardwood Timber on this property, and it is underlaid with valuable

SEAMS OF COAL.

The Timber on said land, and the Coal in and under the same, together with the usual mining rights and privileges, will be offered for sale separate from the surface, and will be sold separately, if a better price can be obtained in that way than by offering the entire land with the Timber and Coal together

TERMS OF SALE.

Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale; the balance of one-third at confirmation of sale; one-third in one year and one-third in two years after confirmation of sale. Deferred pay ments to bear interest and to be secured by the judgment bond and mortgage of purchaser. M. D. KITTELL,
Trustee to sell the real estate of Francis Gallagher, deceased.
Ebensburg, Pa., December 25, 1891.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.
In the Orphans' Court of Cambria county
In the matter of the first and partial account and of the second and final account of Joseph P. Cooper, executor of the last Will and testament of Patrick Donovan, late of Clearfield township, deceased.
Having been appointed Auditor by said court to report distribution of the fund in the hands of the accountant, notice is hereby given that I will sit at my office, in the borough of Ebensburg, on **Friday, the 15th day of January, 1892,** at 10 o'clock, A. M., on the purpose of discharging the duties of said appointment, when and where all persons interested may attend or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.
DONALD E. DUFTON,
Ebensburg, Pa. Dec. 29, 1891.3t. Auditor.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.
In re petition of Peter Boley to have mortgage to William Logan Fuller by Sebastian Boley, dated 10th February, A. D. 1886, for tract of land in Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., recorded in Recorder's office in Record Book, Vol. 2, page 490, etc., marked satisfied.
The undersigned, having been appointed Commissioner to take and report testimony in above matter to Court, hereby gives notice that he will sit at Attorneys' Room, in Court House, Ebensburg, on A. M. of WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13TH, 1892, for the purpose of performing the duties of said appointment. H. H. MYERS,
Ebensburg, Dec. 18, 1891.3t. Commissioner.

HOTEL LEGRANDE.
H. J. SHETTIG, PROPRIETOR.
Located at DuBois, Pa., near the B. R. & P. Railway Depot. We always endeavor to furnish the best accommodations to business men, pleasure seekers and boarders. Persons in search of comfort and quiet will find it a desirable place to stop. The Table is unsurpassed and is always supplied with the best the market affords, and all the delicacies of the season. The Bar is supplied with the choicest of pure liquors and cigars and nothing but the best is sold. Special attention given to the care of horses.
H. J. SCHETTIG.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given that Edward McGlade, of Portage, Cambria county, Pennsylvania, and Catharine, his wife, by deed of voluntary assignment, accepted the 7th December, 1891, have assigned to John A. Doyle, of the city of Altoona, in trust for the benefit of the creditors of said Edward McGlade, all the estate, real and personal, of the said Edward McGlade. All persons indebted to the said Edward McGlade will make immediate payment to the said assignee, and those having claims or demands will present them without delay. JOHN A. DOYLE
Assignee of Edward McGlade.
December 11, 1891.3t.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.
Estate of Thomas W. Adams.
Letters testamentary on the estate of Thomas Adams, late of Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement to JOHN BARNETT,
AMANDA ADAMS,
Executors of Thomas W. Adams, deceased.
Allegheny Twp., Dec. 4, 1891.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Jacob Mauee.
Letters testamentary on the estate of Jacob Mauee, late of Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same, will present them, properly authenticated, for settlement to P. A. SYBERT,
Executor of Jacob Mauee, deceased.
Gallitzin, Pa., Nov. 5, 1891. 11-13-6t.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.
Notice is hereby given that the partnership lately existing between A. B. Krebs, of Lilly station, Pa., and M. C. Getty, of Indiana, Pa., under the firm name of A. B. Krebs & Co., was dissolved on the 21st day of July, 1891, by mutual consent, said M. C. Getty retiring. All debts owing to the said partnership are to be received by said A. B. Krebs, and all demands on the said partnership are to be presented to him for payment. GETTY & KREBS.
Dec. 18, 1891.3t.

ESTRAY.
Came to the residence of the subscriber in Allegheny township, Cambria county, on or about the 15th of November, 1891, one red bull, as spposed to be about one and a half years old, marked by piece cut off the left ear, and a piece cut off under the right ear. The owner is requested to come forward prove property, pay charges and take him away, otherwise he will be disposed according to law. HENRY IVORY.
Allegheny township, Dec. 18, 1891.3t.

C. A. LANGBEIN,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
ALL KINDS of HARNESS,

SADDLES, BRIDLES, WHIPS,
COLLARS HARNESS OILS, BLANKETS,
Bones, Fly Nets, Curry Combs, etc., etc. Repairing Neatly and Promptly done. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Riding Bridles, from	50c. up.
Team Bridles, from	$1 50 up.
Lap Dusters, from	50c. to $1.
Machine-made Harness, from	$5.00 up.
Hand-made Harness, from	$10.00 up.

Call and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere. I guarantee to sell as cheap as the cheapest.
Shop Barker's Row on Centre street.
apr12'91

LILLY
BANKING : CO.,
LILLY, PA.,

JNO. B. MULLEN, - - - CASHIER.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
FIRE, LIFE, AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE.
ALL THE PRINCIPAL STEAMSHIP LINES REPRESENTED BY US.

Accounts of merchants, farmers and others earnestly solicited, assuring our patrons that all business entrusted to us will receive prompt and careful attention, and be held strictly confidential. Customers will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.
LILLY BANKING CO.
feb5'90. Lilly, Penna

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.
In the Orphans' Court of Cambria county.
In the matter of the exceptions to the third and final account of Wm. Warner, executor of John Warner, deceased.
Having been appointed by said court to hear and decide upon the exceptions filed and to report a distribution of the fund in the hands of the accountant, notice is hereby given that I will sit at my office in the borough of Ebensburg on **Friday, the 22nd day of January, 1892,** at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of discharging the duties of said appointment, when and where all persons interested may attend or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.
DONALD E. DUFTON,
Ebensburg Pa., Dec. 25, 1891.3t. Auditor.

TO WEAK MEN

Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure FREE of charge. A splendid medical work, should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

M. D. KITTELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office in Armory Building, opp. Court House.

T. W. DICK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
EBENSBURG, PENN'A.
Special attention given to claims for Pension Bounty, etc chf-'89

DONALD E. DUFTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENNA.
Office in Opera House, Centre street.

GEO. M. READE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENNA.
Office on Centre street, near High.

H. H. MYERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office in Colonade Row, on Centre street.

GREAT
REDUCTION : SALE
OF ALL GOODS AT
SIMON & Co's.

The weather so far this fall has been very much against the sale of heavy winter goods and in consequence our stock is much too large for the time of year. It may get ever so cold yet and you need the goods, but we need the money and therefore we have reduced every article so we may sell them quick

Overcoats - and - Suits,
which we sold at $10.00, now go at $6.00.

PANTS,
which sold at $5.00, now go at $3.50.

NOTE REDUCTIONS IN SHOES AND RUBBERS.

Men's Dress Shoes, formerly $2.00, now $1.50. Ladies' Dress Shoes, Spring Heel, $1.50. Gum Boots, Candee—best in America—we sell at $2.60; others get $3.00. Rubbers for Ladies, Gentlemen, Boys and Girls at lowest prices.

DRY GOODS, HAPS, CARPETS,

we will sell at prices so low that you cannot imagine how they can be manufactured for the price, but we must reduce our stock and low prices shall do the work.

GROCERIES,

Don't forget our immense stock of Groceries, and always bear in mind that by dealing with us you always save 25 per cent.

ATTEND THIS GRAND REDUCTION SALE
if you need goods or not. Such a chance will not be offered again in Gallitzin.

We can start you in House-keeping from
$25.00 UPWARDS
and have the greatest assortment of Furniture to select from.

Don't delay your your coming; now is the time to buy or never.

SIMON - & - CO.,
GALLITZIN, PENN'A.

THOSE
OVERCOATS!

They are Beauties.
Have you seen them?
They are in our store.
Come and look at them.
And you can look at something else at the same time.

Our - Stylish - Suits!

And our nobby Winter Caps,
Ulsters, Reefers, Shirts,
Pants, Stockings, Mittens,
Gloves, Ties, Collars, Cuffs,
and Underwear.

Try our new Oil Coats.

J. B. WILBER,
EBENSBURG, PA.

Eckenrode - & - Hoppel,
—DEALERS IN—
General : Merchandise,
CLOTHING, FLOUR, FEED,

Lumber and Shingles. We keep our Stock always Full and Complete. Give us a Call.

Eckenrode & Hoppel,
CARROLLTOWN, PA.

READ THE FREEMAN

HOW MARGIE DIED.

Pathetic Incident of a Railway Traveler's Journey.

A Homely Story from the Daily Life of a Homely People—The Mistakes of a Life of Toil and Drudgery.

The train was half a hundred miles out of Chicago, headed for the city, and at a little station an old farmer came aboard. He was a little, wenzened man, with a sensitive mouth half concealed by an iron-gray beard. His ill-fitting clothes were evidently his most uncomfortable best and he moved awkwardly and stiffly in them. There were no vacant seats, says the Chicago Mail, and after some hesitation he slid softly into one occupied by a grave stranger, intent upon his paper. The old man was ill at ease and as he turned a careworn, haggard face toward the brown, flying landscape it showed marks of some recent trouble. The stranger laid aside his paper after awhile and half wistfully the old man glanced at him. He spoke at last, with a strange huskiness. "I'm goin' to the city for the second time in my life," he said, half startled at his own voice.

"Yes?" and in the intonation of the other's there was an invitation to go on.

"The second time," repeated the old man; "thirty year ago, come June, I went there for a weddin' suit, and I'm a-goin' back there today for a coffin and a shroud for—the little woman that—married me."

His voice broke, and turning again to the window he looked out upon the dull, cold landscape and was silent many minutes.

"You don't know what it is, mister; you can't understand," and he was crying very softly and hopelessly. "You don't know what it is to live and work longside of a woman for thirty years, day in and day out, to find her always patient and willin' and workin'—and then leave her a-layin' dead and cold with her worn-out hands crossed on her breast. You don't have no idee what it is," and the sleeve of the old man was drawn apologetically across his eyes.

"I've been thinkin' a good deal since last night when Margie died; it kinder puts a man to doin' thoughts. It was just a little after the turn o' the night, and nobody but me was watchin', when she kinder woke up, like, as if she'd been asleep.

"'David,' says she, 'it's restful—so restful,' and I took hold of her hand, 'is that you a-sittin', David?' says she. 'Go on,' but I hadn't sung a word and couldn't 'a done it—'go on, David,' says she, 'and I'll be restin', for I'm so tired.' And so she went to sleep again and waked up in eternity.

"And do you know, stranger, them words o' her'n have set me to thinkin'. Poor, tired soul! and I never thought how much she needed rest. I thought as I set there, watchin' her breath comin' out kinder slight, that mebbe we'd make a mistake of it all. We never thought of it while we was a-workin' and a-skimpin' and a-sarvin'—trvin' to make both ends meet and to lay up somethin' for the children. But I thought about it all last night when only me and her was waitin' for the last. She never had no pleasure. She never took no holidays nor visited like other women. She raised the children and slopped pigs and milked cows and churned and cooked for harvest hands. I never knowed nor thought how she done it all till I saw them poor crossed hands with little white posies in 'em. Some'un o' the neighbors put 'em there, and it kinder choked me when I looked. I knowed she'd never had no time for posies when she might have smelled 'em. She didn't have time for nothin' but the chores, mister, and—that's what hurts me."

His voice broke, and turning again to the window he looked up through his tears.

"Some folks may 'low it won't do no good, mister," and his voice grew stronger; "but I'm a-goin' to see that she's put away in somethin' rich. We wasn't skimpin' and savin' thirty year for this, but I'm a-goin' to have the best money'll buy. She's earned it. God knows; and she's earned somethin' else—she's earned that white raiment that the good book says is washed in the blood of the lamb."

The old man's voice sank into that reverent whisper so common to the God-fearing of his class at the utterance of holy things, and in the silence which followed he sank into a reverie. He was awakened from it only by the stopping of the train at Van Buren street. At the door of the car he shook hands with his companion and a moment later was swallowed up in the crowd.

It was pitiful—all of it. And yet there was a passenger on that train who is the better man for recalling it; the better man for the recollection of the old farmer's look and gesture, and for the thought that there are silver handles to the coffin that holds his sacred dust, lying out under a dark mound amid the barren brown of an Illinois prairie.

He Wanted to Say Good-By.

During the reign of Frederick the Great one of the singers of the Berlin opera left clandestinely, in order to return to Italy. The king immediately gave orders to pursue her, and she was arrested on the border. The poor singer, under the guard of some hussars, was obliged to return to Potsdam, where she was conducted before the king. As soon as he saw her he said: "Madam, why did you leave me?" The poor singer, half dead with fear, could not answer, but threw herself at the feet of the king. "Do not fear anything," said Frederick; "I only wished to take leave of you. Now you can go where you please. Good-by."

FIRING TORPEDOES.

How These Engines of Attack Are Manipulated in the Navy.

Everybody is more or less familiar with the torpedo boat, states the New York Herald. These small craft will be restricted in their operations to harbor defense. It has been shown that they are of little use at sea, bad weather rendering them unmanageable and disgusting their crews.

To utilize the torpedo more fully, therefore, larger vessels called "torpedo cruisers" have been built during the past few years. Two of these ships—the Admirante Lynch and the Admirante Condell—recently rendered important service to the Balmaceda government by sinking the Blanco Encalada, the most formidable ship of the professional party. The cruisers are 240 feet long, 37 feet beam, 11 feet extreme draught of water, with a displacement of 750 tons—a little smaller than the Yeantics.

Each of these craft has five discharging tubes—one in the bow and two on each side. In such a ship a tube is frequently placed in the stern also. There is a torpedo room for each tube, where the torpedoes are stowed in rings secured to the sides of the ship. They are swung into position for entering the tubes by means of tackles, overhead railways and traveling cranes. The detachable head of the torpedo containing the charge of explosive is kept in a separate magazine well below the water line for safety. After the torpedo is swung into position ready for entering in the tube the head may be sent up and attached and the torpedo is then pushed into the tube by a rammer worked by steam or hydraulic power. The door of the tube is then closed and the torpedo is ready for firing.

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PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

"Voyagers on life's sea,
To yourself be true.
And whatever your lot may be,
Paddle your own canoe."

"To yourself be true," "and thou canst not then be false to any man," "Self-love is not so vile a sin as self-neglecting." Then "be wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer." Get Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, for all affections of the lungs and throat. It is likewise a wonderful liver tonic, and invigorator.

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Your money is returned if it doesn't benefit or cure you.

Can you ask more?

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Connections at Cresson.

WEST.		EAST.	
Oyster Exp.	2 55 A M	Day Exp.	11 04 A M
Western Exp.	4 45 A M	Mail	9 08 A M
Johnstown Exp.	8 27 A M	Altoona Exp.	1 00 P M
Pacific Exp.	8 40 A M	Mail Exp.	4 57 P M
Mail	4 26 P M	Phila Exp.	8 16 P M
Fast Line	8 47 P M	Eastern Exp.	10 17 P M
Way Pass.	2 26 P M	Fast Line	11 22 P M

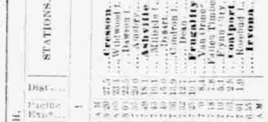
SOUTHWARD.

STATIONS.	Distance.	No. 1. A M	No. 2. A M	No. 3. P M
Ebensburg		7 30	10 25	3 35
Bradley	3.0	7 40	10 31	3 44
Kaylor	4.8	7 46	10 35	3 50
Noel	6.3	7 51	10 39	3 55
Munster	7.5	7 56	10 41	4 00
Lindet	9.6	8 03	10 46	4 06
Cresson	11.5	8 10	10 50	4 13

NORTHWARD.

	Distance.	No. 1. A M	No. 2. A M	No. 3. P M
Cresson		9 45	11 10	5 05
Lindet	1.7	9 50	11 15	5 11
Munster	3.8	9 55	11 20	5 22
Noel	5.3	9 59	11 35	5 28
Kaylor	6.5	10 02	11 41	5 33
Bradley	8.3	10 07	11 47	5 42
Ebensburg	11.3	10 15	12 01	5 55

Bradley, Noel and Lindet are Flag Stations. No trains on Sunday.



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ap18.3m.

COLORS AND COLOR BLINDNESS

The Three True Primary Colors Are Red, Green, and Violet.

Color blindness is a serious defect wherever found, says the United Service. It is especially so in seafaring men and in those employed on railroads. Possibly it is less important in a soldier, although it must impair his efficiency materially. Nor is it possible to repair the defect by education or study, apparently, for it is now generally agreed that color is due to sensation. According to Wursch and Young the normal eye has only three color sensations—a red, a green, and a violet—and the apparent color of any light which falls on it depends merely on the relative intensities of the excitement produced by the light on the three organs of sense corresponding to these sensations.

In color blindness one or more of these organs of sense is wanting or imperfect. The most common form, Daltonism, depends on the absence of the red sense. From the experiments of Holmgren on two persons, each of whom was found to have one color-blind eye, the other being nearly normal, it was found (what could otherwise have been only a matter of theory) that those persons could describe the various colors with one eye, but that there was a dead uniformity of color when looking with the other eye. Thus was obtained a description of color-blind vision in terms of normal vision.

The old artists considered that there really were three primary color sensations—blue, yellow and red. But Helmholtz and Maxwell have now conclusively proved that the three primaries are red, green and violet. Certain mixtures of violet and green can be made to give blue, which accounts for nearly half of the spectrum from the blue end, when combined, appearing of that color; and red and green will also give a yellow—most mixtures, however, giving one of an orange shade.

It is commonly imagined that blue and yellow mixed in certain proportions produce green. The true source of the green was pointed out by Helmholtz. It is the one color which is not freely absorbed either by the yellow or by the blue pigment. The yellow pigment removes the greater part of the blue, indigo and violet rays; the blue pigment removes the greater part of the red, orange and yellow. Thus the light which finally escapes is mainly green.

A FAMOUS WAR HORSE.

Death of Old Comanche of the Government Service.

Word was recently received at Kansas City, Mo., of the death of Comanche, the most celebrated horse in the United States cavalry service, at Fort Riley. He was forty-five years of age and the only living thing belonging to the United States service which escaped the massacre at the battle of the Little Big Horn, where Gen. Custer and his command were massacred. He was one of the original mount of the Seventh cavalry, which regiment was organized in 1866, and had been in almost every battle in the Indian service.

After the battle of Little Big Horn he was found covered with wounds, riderless and saddleless, some distance from the scene of the massacre. He was taken charge of by Capt. Rowlan and sent to Fort Riley, where for fourteen years he had not been subject to drilling, and had been in charge of the Seventh cavalry. His death was due to old age. His skin will be stuffed and mounted and kept in the museum of the Kansas state university until the world's fair at Chicago, where it will be taken for exhibition.

Enterprising showmen have from time to time endeavored to secure Comanche for exhibition purposes, but the authorities have invariably refused to disturb his well-earned rest. Comanche was the horse of Capt. Keogh, a relative of Gen. Custer.

Special provision was made for the care and support of Comanche. Once in awhile, when the cavalry troops were on inspection, Comanche was led out, saddled and bridled, but no one ever sat in his saddle after the battle of the Little Big Horn.

It will be remembered that Custer's ill-fated command used the dead bodies of their horses killed by the shower of Indian bullets as a barricade as far as possible. All the horses were saddled, as the troop had ridden into the valley and attacked the Sioux camp, and, as Comanche was found stripped of his accoutrements, it has always been supposed that his saddle and bridle were taken by the victorious Indians, who, believing that he would die of his wounds, turned him loose. The body of every other horse that carried the brave cavalry into battle on that fateful morning was found among the heaps of the slain soldiers.

THE AGE OF POLITICS.

An Interesting Lecture by a Famous Professor of Vienna, Austria.

"Public spirit in the nineteenth century," was a theme lately treated by Prof. Dr. Adolph Eraner of the University of Vienna, Austria. He insisted on the necessity of particular promotion of the spirit of patriotism in the students. The spirit of modern society, he said, is exclusively and one-sidedly determined by natural science, which has caused a neglect of the development of political discernment. Nothing attracts the attention of the general public at present but subjects of natural science, even women profess being interested in these questions, and, on the other hand, to be indifferent to the facts and relations of the political world. This spirit of the exact sciences has even infected men of law and philosophy, who will reduce criminal law to psychology, will talk of the "physiology" of law, of love, of art, will lecture on the "physiological method" of law and write books of many volumes on the "structure and life of the body of society." It is an influence of this physical spirit that people contemn the past ages of the world, even going so far as to hold the middle ages and actually also the empire of ancient Rome in contempt.

A change must come and it is already preparing; the historic, political school of research has resumed its labors with courage and frankness. This reaction is also a necessary result of events. The new awakening of constitutional life, the immense creations of great statesmen in the service of popular ideas and the wonderful problems offering for solution on the basis of broader principles and which everybody knows cannot be solved by measuring and weighing or by logarithms and equations, all these circumstances have infused new energy into politics as a science and a popular interest. It will require all the wisdom and power of the political spirit to solve these difficulties and avoid fatal crises in the state organism attempting to assign to the fourth estate its just position in the social organization. It is the struggle with this problem which will make the twentieth century a political age, and nobody must hope to be able to fill his place in it unless he shall have acquired a sufficient political education.

Consolation.

"Henry," sobbed his fiancee, "I heard that you flirted in the mountains with some other girls."

"That's all right," he answered; "they won't know me when they come back to town."—Judge.

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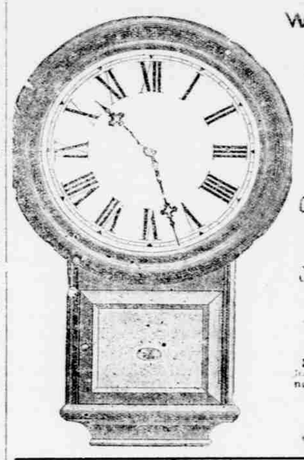

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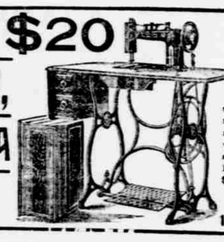

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TIPS AT COUNTRY HOUSES.

Why an American Hostess Frowns Upon the Imported Custom.

A hostess, whose influence with the four hundred should certainly carry weight, even outside that august body, has set the excellent fashion of refusing to allow any servant in her employ to accept tips from guests, says the Illustrated American. She argues, with great good sense, that the custom is not only a burden and nuisance to visitors, but is an indirect imputation upon her liberality as a mistress. Paying every domestic fair wages, she exacts that they serve strangers in the house with impartial courtesy, and, looking for no favors, adopt an air of uniform and heerful obligingness.

It appears that this particular lady had always been opposed to the ugly English mode of remunerating maids and men, but had succumbed to the popular method until an unfortunate and embarrassing episode occurred at her own country seat. She had been entertaining a charming girl of position, whose means she knew to be limited. When the week's visit was over cordial good-bys were exchanged and the pretty visitor was driven to the railroad station with her luggage and there deposited to await the next train.

Late in the afternoon the ticket agent from the station called and requested a private interview. With profound astonishment did the kindly hostess learn of all her girl guest had suffered. The man showed a gold bangle and ring which she recognized as the property of her friend, and explained that after a painful interview he had been forced to take them in payment for the young lady's railway fare. He said she was nervous, and, after exchanging a few words on the subject of rates, burst into tears and proffered her jewelry in exchange for a ticket to New York. Of course he was amazed and insisted on trusting her for the amount, but between her sobs she managed to explain that the arrangement was final.

Too excited to think of discretion, she went on to say that only with difficulty had sufficient money been raised by the family at home for this visit, and only the day before another guest had enlightened her on the exactions of tipping. As the establishment was a large one, with six maids and four men, her little store of fifteen dollars disappeared like mist, and unless the agent would accept her trinkets the case was hopeless. She added that in three instances the servants had openly objected to the modest extras offered, one insisting on nothing less than three dollars for services rendered. Shocked beyond measure, the indignant hostess straightened the unfortunate affair out, had very decisive interviews with her domestics in turn, and to-day she regards it as a direct discourtesy to proffer money to her employes.

FREE LUNCH FIENDS.

Some Examples of Terrible Gastronomic Devastation in England.

The "Glutton of Kent," Fuller places among his worthies, who devoured, at a single meal, "four-score rabbits and eighteen black puddings, London measure." Coming down to more recent times, there is the probably apocryphal story of a gentleman who ate a solan goose by way of a whet for dinner, and of a Welsh nobleman who devoured a bevy of partridges for breakfast every morning.

There is also a well-known legend, which found its way into Punch, of a certain eminent politician who entered an eating house near the Old Bailey, and, after putting away seven pounds and a half of cold boiled beef, observed cheerfully to the landlord: "Capital beef this! One may eat and come again here." To which the landlord, regarding him grimly, made reply: "You may eat, but I'm blowed if you shall come again!"

We are tempted to add one more story, says Blackwood's Magazine, which we believe has not yet found its way into print. On the derby a few years ago a well-known man of business—let us call him Mr. X.—went down to Epsom with the rest of the world, and after the great race was over he bethought himself of lunch. It was then four o'clock and he was ravenously hungry.

Seeing no friendly coach or carriage at hand, he entered one of the refreshment booths, where a three-and-sixpence meal was provided for all comers. He attacked some ribs of beef and soon cleared them to the bone; then he "went for" a chicken, which also disappeared; finally he espied a pigeon pie at the other end of the table, which had not been touched, and ordered the waiter to bring it to him. But the waiter after a whispered conference with an individual in black, who had been observing Mr. X.'s performances with suspicion and alarm, came and said confidentially:

"If you please, sir, the governor says as how he won't charge you nothing for anything if you will go away at once."

Mr. X., however, insisted on his rights and declined this obliging offer; then he proceeded to make a vigorous onslaught on the pigeon pie.

DEFINITIONS OF HOME.

Some Sentiments About That Place Which Is Loved by All.

The London Tid-Bits offered a prize for the best definition of home. Here are some of the best of five thousand answers sent in:

The golden setting in which the brightest jewel is "mother."

A world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in.

An arbor which shades when the sunshine of prosperity becomes too dazzling; a harbor where the human bark finds shelter in the time of adversity.

Home is the blossom of which Heaven is the fruit.

Home is a person's estate obtained without injustice, kept without disquietude; a place where time is spent without repentance, and which is ruled by justice, mercy and love.

A grand old mirror through which both sides of us are seen.

That source of comfort which youth does not fully appreciate, which the young men and maidens lovingly desire, which the middle aged generally possess and which the old rightly value.

A hive in which, like the industrious bee, youth garners the sweets and memories for age to meditate and feed upon.

The best place for a married man after business hours.

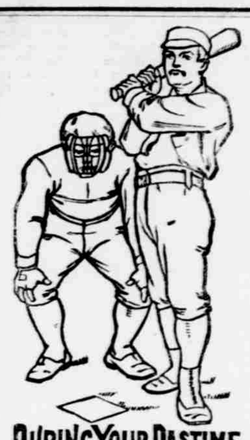
Home is the coziest, kindliest, sweetest place in all the world, the scene of our purest earthly joys and deepest sorrows.

The only spot on earth where the faults and failings of fallen humanity are hidden under the mantle of charity.

An abode in which the inmate, the "superior being called man," can pay back at night with fifty per cent. interest every annoyance that has met him in business during the day.

The "Wicked Bible."

Among the curiosities of literature possessed by one of the big libraries of New York is an edition of the Scripture, published in several small volumes, known as the "Wicked Bible." There are two sets of books to which this title applies. One was published in England in 1631 and the other in Germany about a century later. Their peculiarity consists of the omission of the word "not" in the seventh commandment.



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NEARLY A KING.

The Eventful Career of the Duke of Cambridge.

Adrift in the World After Narrowly Missing Two Thrones—The Most Thoroughly English Member of the Royal Family.

Few men have had such a narrow escape of being a king, whether they liked it or not, as the duke of Cambridge. But it happened so it is now, says the Chicago Journal, that nobody thinks of that bluff, burly old man ever having been a possible successor to the throne. Yet it was only the slenderest of chances that prevented him from being George V., by the grace of God, king of Great Britain and Ireland, defender of the Faith, and the rest of it.

The duke of Kent left an only child a girl—in delicate health. Besides that girl there only remained, of all the progeny of George III., his youngest son, the duke of Cambridge, who had made a lawful marriage and had one son and two daughters. If that girl had died, or had no children, the succession must have gone to the Cambridges. As it was she ascended the throne as Queen Victoria, married immediately afterward, had nine children and now has scores of grandchildren and half a dozen great-grandchildren.

It was in the city of Hanover that Prince George Frederick, the present duke of Cambridge, was born on the 26th of March, 1819, just two months before the princess Victoria of Kent, now queen and empress. Even after his chance of becoming king of England had vanished, it looked as if he would surely be king of Hanover for the duke of Cumberland had only one child—a boy, who became totally blind.

That blind boy, however, lived to be king of Hanover, the last king probably that Hanover will ever have, for he sided with Austria in the war of 1866, and at the person, Bismarck, while leaving the Austrian territory intact, annexed Hanover to Prussia and drove the blind king into exile. He died resident-hearted and his son is simple duke of Cumberland once more.

The duke of Cambridge having thus narrowly missed two thrones, found himself at large in the world, without any prospect to speak of. His father died poor and his mother had all she could do to make both ends meet. One of the daughters married the grand duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and became a very great lady indeed, but the other, the princess Mary, remained with her mother and brother in the old-fashioned ivy-covered cottage on Kew Green, a favorite residence of George III., which had been provided for them by the queen's kindness.

There they lived the life of a typical genteel English family of limited means, beloved by all their neighbors, especially the poor, attending service regularly at the old church on the green, teaching the parish children and growing into the affections and traditions of the place, as if they belonged to it as much as the moss on the walls of the ancient elms that had waved over it for centuries.

It was this early home life that made the duke of Cambridge what he is—the most thoroughly English of all the royal family, though born in a foreign country and altogether foreign on his mother's side. He came into his title on the death of his father in 1850, but long before then he had chosen a distinguished career. He entered the army in 1837, when only eighteen, with the rank of colonel, in accordance with the system of favoritism which then prevailed, and was made major general on succeeding to the dukedom, but it was the Crimean war in 1854 that gave him his opportunity.

He begged to be allowed to be a real soldier, and by the direct influence of the queen he was promoted to lieutenant general and placed in command of a division of the army, consisting of the brigade of guards and the brigade of Highlanders. There was naturally a good deal of feeling against him, and if he had made a mess of it or disgraced himself in any way there would have been a howl of triumph among the enemies of royalty, and even a great many people who were not enemies of royalty would not have been sorry to see favoritism so signally rebuked.

The duke, however, knew very well what he was about, and his conduct at the Alma gained for him not only the enthusiastic confidence of his men, but also the respect of the oldest officers in the army, who had laughed at the idea of a royal duke leading a division before.

In the still more terrible conflict of Inkerman he led the guards again, and, his horse being shot under him in the midst of a hailstorm of bullets, he would assuredly have been killed but for the bravery and devotion of a private soldier, who defended him from the Russian bayonets until another horse was brought.

Just at this glorious period in his career the duke met with a misfortune which all the royal family felt bitterly. He was seized by camp fever, and the doctors insisted on his leaving the Crimea by the first transport. The duke well knowing what a handle it would give to his detractors if he retired in the very agony of the war, stopped at Constantinople and lay there for weeks, battling with sickness, in the hope of being able to return to his command. His condition, however, became so alarming that he was imperatively ordered home, and so had no share in the subsequent sufferings and glories of his corps or in the crowning triumph of Sebastopol.

CONFIDENTIAL BORES.

A Species of Nuisance That Makes One Long for a Sandbag.

Of the class Bore—and, alas! what a comprehensive class it is!—few specimens are so annoying as the individual who insists on being confidential with one on a short acquaintance. Of course, reader, you have met with him in society. An hour after you have been introduced to him he has made you his father-confessor. His likes and dislikes, his prospects, weaknesses, grievances, opinions, are all very much at your service. Every time he meets you he will treat you to a new installment of his experiences.

A more uninteresting creature than the confidential bore does not live, and yet it is his misfortune (and yours) to think that he interests everybody. He usually has some personal merit or defect which he masses his especial hobby, and rides over you roughshod with it. The laws of good breeding forbid one to insult the nuisances, but the unregenerate man longs to insert his fingers into their neckcloths and stop the flow of drivel with an impromptu tourniquet.

Perhaps these creatures ought to be pitied for their weakness—but the man who can pity one of them while being subjected to his persecutions is capable of weeping over the death of a mad dog or of saying to a hornet that has just stung him in the eye, "Go thy way; the world is large enough for thee and me." Of all bores, preserve us from the confidential species.—N. Y. Ledger.

—At Ledbury, England, where Mrs. Browning spent much of her childhood, a monument to her will be set up probably in the form of a clock tower of brick and stone, with a bronze bust and a quotation from "Aurora Leigh."